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Backstage with Esquire

The Richer Life



Zig Ziglar (left) and Robert Freedman

When Robert Freedman called Zig Ziglar a public relations office to arrange an interview with the motivational speaker ("Entrepreneur Inc.," page 24), he was told that Ziglar wouldn't be appearing in Esquire with all those—you know—pictures of girls and all. After a bit of inquiry, Freedman learned that the PR person, a dyed-in-the-wool Southern Baptist like Ziglar has, had just confused Esquire with that other

magazine in which Jimmy Carter had an infamously confused but laudable thought: Freedman quickly corrected her mistake. Soon he was on his way to Dallas for a series of fiscal sessions with Ziglar as well as for a diploma from the "Richer Life" seminar, which Zig overruled late (left) as the Dupont Plaza hotel.

Freedman, a native New Yorker, learned early in his journalistic career to keep cool and get the facts, especially when emotions run high. During the 1960s staffings, he was at Columbia University. Freedman, then a junior, was editor of Columbia's *Daily Spectator*. He worked virtually around the clock on the embattled campus, interviewing striking students, editing club-wedding apps, and somehow managing to write copy and get his assignment to bed each morning. Throughout those hectic days, the *Spectator* consistently got the story and was viewed as a voice of sanity both on and off campus. Afterward, Freedman and Jerry Aversa wrote the follow-up book on the events of that spring. *Op Against the New World*.

Freedman went on to get a Masters degree in American literature from Columbia but eventually decided that he wasn't cut out for an academic career. He joined the staff of *Overlook Avenue*, a free circulation paper distributed to campuses in the Northeast, and became an editor and a poet owner. In 1975, after *Overlook Avenue* ceased publication, Freedman began writing articles for *The Real Paper*, *New Times*, *Metropolitan*, and *Esquire*.

In 1977, Freedman became the managing editor and then the editor of *More*, the highly respected journal of journalism, which met an untimely death last summer. Since then, he has continued to write articles that reflect his abiding interest in politics and the media.

When he's not traveling around the country on assignment, Freedman lives with his wife in New York City. He enjoyed working on the Ziglar piece, but when asked if he benefited from the "Richer Life" course, Freedman answered, "I'm a poor candidate for Ziglar's spiel—I've always been an optimist." —H

Letters

The Sound and the Fury

Between Fathers and Children

Geoffrey Wolff's "The Out of 50ms, the Last of Endure" in your July 3-10 issue is a damn good piece of writing, with echoes of F. Scott Fitzgerald and John O'Hara and something much more—the sound of history as human consciousness of itself. It's the best thing I've read in a long time. I'd just like to add one comment: You quote Wolff in *Backstage* as saying, "The death of a father is the crucial moment in a man's life." That goes double for me; it was a much more devastating and liberating tragedy than the death of my mother twenty years ago. My father's plaques and degrees were real, but he was not. I shall probably spend the rest of my life trying to understand that incongruity.

JOHN ZEMKE
Morris Plains, N.J.

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JOHN ZEMKE
Morris Plains, N.J.

Hey, You Talkin' to Me?
I am highly relieved that William Martin ("The Noble I Nearly Killed an Urban Cowboy," July 3-10) began his evening

with Chinese food and not with a trip to see Tom Dower.

Know what I mean, Professor? That's right. I'm talking to you, Will, you're the only one here. What the hell else do you think I'm talking to? Or you?

JOHN KADWILL

Flower, Ariz.

Seems of Sophia's Choice

I was thoroughly moved today by Geoffrey Wolff's review of William Styron's novel *Sophia's Choice* (Books, July 3-10).

I had read the first 200 pages of Mr. Styron's novel when with absolute distress I read Mr. Wolff's review, which proceeded to give away every clue that Mr. Styron so carefully guarded. I believe that the late Sophia's Choice was purposefully ambiguous and provocative. To have Mr. Wolff describe that choice in a single paragraph struck me as absolutely unfair, both to the author, who clearly strives to describe human behavior in all its complexity, and to

the reader, for whom the secrets and the truth of the novel should be allowed to unravel slowly.

JOHN L. STERN

New York, N.Y.

Blasphemy

Your July 3-10 issue was superb. I have read it from cover to cover and back again. The three articles on real estate were pertinent and well written. Geoffrey Wolff's piece from his apartment was fascinating and touching. "Eight Months in a Class by Thoreau" I am saving for my dream trip to France. Coverage of men's fashion was informative. In short, I wanted you to know I read and appreciate the effort.

WILLIAM F. OWEN JR., M.D.

White Plains, N.Y.

Let's be the other should be mental in *The Sound and the Fury*. *Esquire*, 2 First Avenue, New York, New York 10016. Let's be the other should be mental in *The Sound and the Fury*. *Esquire*, 2 First Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

A News Breakdown

Even *The New York Times* can't get the energy crisis right

Readers of the Sunday *New York Times* are, in my judgment, well-informed American knowers, a day, not a night. How else is one to find out what is really going on when the gas lines start and the Arabs are meeting in Geneva?

In general and in brief, the *Times* does not disappoint. On Sunday, June 10, the paper can do no wrong on energy, a kind of about nine columns, perhaps 6,000 words. On June 17, there were five stories filling more than ten columns, maybe 7,000 words—plus charts. By June 24, there were eleven energy stories filling about fifteen columns that's about 10,000 words. The headlines went from "Use Crisis Experts Find Mixture of Causes" to "Finding Gasoline by Telephone."

Which was fine, except for details—details like the fact that you couldn't figure out when the hell was going on. The *Times* is particular and the press is particular. Day after day, the story of the energy crisis. They assembled as many reports as possible and sent them out, hoping for the best. While they got, too often, was too much, too late. And too wrong.

Let's pause, for a moment, that someone, somewhere, read all the words in the *Times*. I doubt that happened and so did the reporters on the story because, as one said, "even the editors don't read them all, they're too long and boring new ones."

If you did read them, you might be worse off. Let's say you wanted to figure out whether domestic crude oil prices should be controlled by considering whether the oil companies need higher profits as an incentive to drill for new oil in the United States. The *Times*, of course,



tried to figure that out and gave us the answer in a front-page story by Anthony J. Parnis on June 3 under the headline "Profits as Old Am Not Reasonable, Financial Analysts' Study Find." The story was a column and a half long and said in part:

"By the routine measures of how profitable an industry or company is, the oil industry's earnings are no better than average," these financial specialists said. Oil profits are considered respectable but not unusual.

"According to a study done to be released by the Houston Trust Company, over the last five years the return on equity of the 25 top domestic oil companies averaged 12.5 percent. By contrast, it used, the return for all manufacturing companies has averaged 13.3 percent since 1974."

There are other ways to measure profitability than return on investment;

Chevron found in a recent study that the oil industry's profit margin was 4.1 percent last year, up from 4.7 percent in 1977. By one trust, the manufacturing sector as a whole averaged 3.2 percent, up from 3 percent."

How about that? If the oil companies might not have been coming as when they said they needed domestic oil. Might not, I thought, because of how high the reported numbers seemed reasonable enough, there were a couple of strange sentences in the story saying that viewed "fairly," the business of finding and extracting oil has consistently yielded "exceptional profits."

Whatever the asterisk view was—it was not detailed—I stuck with the paper. "Profits on Oil Are Not Excessive."

The gospel changed two weeks later. On June 17, the *Times*'s front page ran an other Parnis story under the headline "Crises Assured Oil Profits Doubled, May Not Stop Production in U.S."

Well, of course, crisis would say that, but what about the 12.5 percent and 4.8 percent—lower profitability and profits than in other industries? The story began, "With oil companies typically reaping 12 to 15 percent and more from their investments in domestic exploration and production..."

"Reaping," "typically," "30 percent." What happened to "respectable" and "not unusual"? What happened was that the *Times* was reconsidering—or putting down—its first analysis of the same situation and numbers.

The story continued, "Since domestic oil often generates the companies' exploration and production operations," the new analysis said, citing new financial analysis. "The profitability of these upstream operations is what really matters. And in that phase of the oil business, they're,

terms are already quite handsome."

What really mattered was that Exxon, in the new analysis, was making a 30.5 percent profit last year in domestic exploration and production. Other oil companies, it was said, were reaping it in a ratio between 20 and 30 percent a year.

Passed that the *Times* had been misled or just didn't get it, I switched to the *New York Times*'s second-best newspaper, *Nesday*, on Long Island. It was also using the Dickey approach. The lead story on June 24 was done by that reporter, Pete Bowles, Edward Newton, Leonard O'Neill, and Marc Fisher. It was also really wrong in its approach and fact.

"Guy Hugh Curry called on President Carter to declare a 'national fuel emergency' and to help out the Northeast, which he said has been hit particularly hard by the gas shortage," the story said. "The president said the West is being favored in New York's expense. California was given an additional 3 percent allocation by the U.S. Department of Energy in early May."

That last sentence, one notes, is without attribution—Nesday was saying it on its own. It's enough to make a *New York Times* reader in California. If it were true, which it isn't, California never got an extra drop of gas in May. What happened was that the Department of Energy allowed the state to increase the amount of gas it used for emergency allocation to 5 percent of available supplies—but that amount came

I gave up believing what I read in the papers—and found out reporters did the same thing.

from California's overall allocation, which remained the same.

That's when I gave up believing what I read in the papers. More sensible people probably gave up earlier or never even made the effort—because stories are a lot to absorb, even on a Sunday. Then I found out that the reporters covering the energy story felt the same way. "I've never been so frustrated professionally," one said. "I'm supposed to be covering this, and I can't find out or figure out what's happening. Newspapers cannot supply the public with the information it needs on this story."

Part of the energy crisis, it turns out, is a breakdown in the American system of gathering and disseminating news. If the *New York Times* can't get it right, so can the rest of the press. There are multiple reasons for the breakdown, some the press's fault, some not. First, of the two primary sources for the story—the oil industry and the federal government—one is active and deliberately deceptive and the other is sporadically incompetent and

always badly informed. Second, the press did not learn much from the 1973-74 gasoline problems and could not or did not develop enough expertise to deal with the developing crisis—no newspapers and magazines were able to submit on quantity for quality of coverage.

The results have been pathetic. In the U.S. Senate, where the crisis was supposedly deliberating the direction of the crisis, Bill Bradley, of New Jersey, was demanding to know the "true facts" of gasoline supply. For that, the *Times* on July 1 was printing him for being "among the most persistent Senators" in demanding information and for pointing out that American had, in Bradley's repeating phrase, "good cause to be skeptical."

If the senator could be effective by persistently proclaiming that he didn't know what was going on, where did that leave the rest of us?

And in an case we didn't know it, the *Times* told us so, interviewing professors who concluded we were... read "Consequently, the *Times* announced, "people are reacting in essentially irrational ways familiar to psychologists and sociologists—for example, with anger and violence."

That was page 1, wasn't it? The news was that more of the anger was not directed at the press. The press failed just like everybody else. Like every American institution except the financial oil companies, the press was totally unprepared. 4

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High Life

September's Island

The swinging rich prolong the sins of summer on Mykonos

by Taki

Going to Venice and Capri in September was once an elite ritual among the smart set in attending Royal Ascot as June or during the Alps in winter. No longer. The tourist boom, the industrial pollution that has ruined the Bay of Naples into a sewer, and the fact that Italy's fashion, growing business, is kidnapping have combined to make the chic people stay away.

And yet the beautiful people do need somewhere to go in September. They can hardly be expected to go home after their summer in the sun. That would be too much like what ordinary tourists do or like assembly-line workers reproducing the hell of getting into No. 10, the chic people require an in-between resort where they can relax after their summer partying and prepare for the rigors of the parties and balls of winter. The place they have chosen is Mykonos, a windswept, craggy, white-washed Aegean island sixty miles south-west of Athens.

Mykonos can hardly be compared to Venice in terms of cultural heritage or beauty, nor does it have Capri's vibrant traditions. But the island makes up for its lack of obvious charms with subtle ones. Most important, Mykonos is different from the rest of Greece. Seeking a place there is something hardly to be missed. The island has some of the best nude beaches in the world and the only gay bars in the country. Nor has Mykonos been affected with postwar Europe's terminal disease, the building boom. There are no large hotels, no blocks of flats, no complexes, no housing estates. There are only the white-washed houses of the peasants, some that date back to the medieval island architecture, and a few hotels, which are stylish.

Taki Theodoropoulos is a London-based correspondent and author.



only large houses that have been ruined. One city is kind enough, drinks in the local tavernas.

And yet there are some changes in the place. There are the paves and the gay bars and the boutiques. Every house on the island, or almost every one, has a boutique on the ground floor that sells hand-dyed goods. And in September, there are the beautiful people.

How did Mykonos come to be different from the rest of Greece? Its island abundance toward sex has apparently been around as long as its white beaches and crowded sun lying just northeast of the holy island of Delos. Mykonos has been known since time immemorial as a ready kind of place where sophisticated pleasure seekers.

The boutiques are a newer phenomenon. In 1962, First Lady Jackie Kennedy visited

the island and was photographed shopping. The Mykonians showed her, got the message, and boutiques sprung up like poppies in January. But even so, people still flocked for food and salad the sea for profit. Then Pano Anava closed up.

Born in Ephesus of Italian parents, holder of an American passport, Pano is an artist of considerable skill. He did for Mykonos what Empress Eugenie did for Biarritz. Pano would have surely been dead, and thousands of the gay followed.

Pano had hundreds of friends, and they all showed up when he opened Pano's, which soon became the swangest bar in Greece. Because it caught on with the rich gay crowd, the bar almost immediately attracted the bright young things of international club society. As everyone knows, a little wickedness in these times is as important to their minds as a vacation. Before long, Pano's became the Aegean answer to Harry's Bar.

Because Pano was a foreigner, he was not allowed to own a business, so he put the bar in the name of a friend, Andreas, a local boy. The predictable happened. An older woman, an American called Maggie, convinced Andreas that he could make more money without Pano. Andreas got the local police to kick Pano out on a charge of moral turpitude. The play worked. Pano's friends staged Andreas and the locals prospered beyond their wildest dreams, and Pano left brokehearted. Maggie now runs the bar. A few tourists are being built to accommodate the yacht-flocking to the island. Last autumn the racing priorities looked like pigs out of RHIP. This year, the prospects are even better. Because there are no cars on the island except for taxis, the beautiful people, I am told, are flying over in order to beat the peakish charges. □

There is only one real pioneer in high fidelity. It's Sony.



1952: The world's first pocket transistor radio.

At first, things were less than encouraging. Transistors are only good for hearing aids," they were told. "And besides, they can't be mass produced."

Undeterred, the Japanese representatives returned to Tokyo. Thirty-six months later, the world saw its first pocket transistor radio.

Followed by the world's first all-transistor FM radio.

And, partially as a sign of their continuing dedication to audio, the Tokyo Telecommunications Engineering Corporation adapted the Latin word for sound—"sonus"—and changed its name to Sony.

In the years that have followed, Sony has never faltered in its dedication to technological innovation. And we'd be loathe to estimate how often our advances have ended up on the circuit boards and front panels of our competitors' equipment as

"technological breakthroughs."

But enough of the past. The hi-fi components featured here stand as eloquent proof that Sony—the

company that virtually founded the era of transistorized high fidelity—is still at its very forefront.

To this day, only Sony offers Sony quality.

A few Sony Audio firsts:

- 1950**—Discovered gates on the best response tape recording system.
- 1951**—Developed stereo broadcast in Japan.
- 1954**—Introduced condenser microphones.
- 1955**—First consumer stereo tape recorder in Japan.
- 1956**—Introduced "Direct Drive" lines of all high-speed, low-distortion semiconductor.
- 1956**—First all silicon solid state amplifier.
- 1956**—The first servo-controlled tunable front-end of quartz-locked synthesizer.
- 1956**—First electronic end of record sensor.
- 1956**—First digital synthesized FM tuner.
- 1956**—Invented the stereo tape head.
- 1957**—Invented the V-FET. Opened era of high speed transistors.
- 1957**—First to manufacture three-channel tape.
- 1957**—First wide band broadcast in Japan for "Transit Drive."
- 1957**—First tunable with carbon fiber tone arm.
- 1957**—The world's first consumer digital audio processor.
- 1957**—First consumer amplifier with pulse power supply.
- 1958**—Patented liquid crystal recording system.



1950: Japan's first tape recorder—the "TC-1."

The V5 receiver:

Unlike hi-fi receivers designed to impress you with a facade of magic buttons and switches, Sony receivers are designed to impress you with rich sound.

Case in point: the V5. In technical terms, the V5 delivers 85 watts per channel at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 hertz with no more than 0.07% total harmonic distortion.

In human terms, this means the receiver can reproduce every note of music any instrument can play with no audible distortion. And it can power two sets of speakers without straining.

But that's only the beginning.

Instead of using the mundane power transformers found in competitors' products, the V5 utilizes more expensive toroidal core transformers that provide a richer bass.



1979: The V5 receiver. Designed the people who appreciate what so much in this space has made.

Instead of cutting corners by using a flimsy pressboard bottom, we've cut interference by encasing the entire receiver in metal.

And for better FM reception, instead of using the standard three- or four-gang variable-tuning capacitors, we've opted for a higher quality five-gang model.

All of which explains why if you pay a few dollars less for one of our competitors' receivers, it's probably because you're getting less receiver.

The new Sony cassette decks: The state of the art, from the people who invented it.

Since we introduced tape recording to Japan in 1950, Sony has sold millions of tape decks.

A quick look at our new TC-K65 cassette deck will explain why.

Like all two-motor cassette decks, the TC-K65 is designed for low wow and flutter. Unlike others, however, we feature "brassless and shockless" motors that reduce this problem to the point of being inaudible.

Instead of using just any tape head material, the TC-K65 features Sony "Sendust and Ferri" heads that combine wide response with extreme durability.

Instead of using an ordinary metering system, we've developed a 16-segment LED meter whose life expectancy far exceeds the fancy blue fluorescent models other companies are currently using.

And there's also a "Random Music Sensor" for preprogramming tapes, settings for metal



1979: The new 15-B1 integrated amplifier.

and 15-B1 dual digital synthesized FM tuner. Separate components that sound as sophisticated as they look. tape, remote control and timer capabilities, and the kind of high-quality DC tape head amplifier you'll find in almost no one else's tape decks.

But you really haven't heard anything yet.

Unfortunately, we don't have enough space here to tell you the complete Sony hi-fi story.

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Unmarrieds and the Law

If you live together, better get it all in writing

Living and loving together is one for per a personal remedy. It has become so commonplace in fact, that even the U.S. Census Bureau has taken note. With some degree of surprise, it reported recently that the number of unmarried men and women living together had increased over 300 percent through the 1970s and that there are now more than one million such couples in the United States, more under forty-five.*

But also the legal profession could not permit such a condition to exist without finding a way to curb it. As the Law Man now made possible attorneys, the long arm of the law has already stretched greedily into the bedrooms of the happily unmarried. Maritalism lawyers of the Marvins, Mischkins, etc. are now building empires in whetted sexual settings.

If you are planning to acquire a room mate or have one already, be warned that you are leaving yourself wide open to most legal entanglements that even a married couple faces. The laws affecting couples living together are poorly defined or hopelessly out of date. In fact, in many states coitus has now been expressly prohibited and it will be a crime to shake your feet with someone who is not your legal mate (see table, page 140). It is illegal to have sex with a person in Florida, for example, to have "sexual gratification" in Arizona, to make love with someone you are not married to in Utah, and to live together—period—in South Carolina. Strong with someone not only could cost you a license it could get you put in the clink.

Fortunately, not all lawyers are delight ed with recent court rulings affecting an unmarried couple. In fact, some lawyers even have their own business. One such pair is Tom Bawa and Ralph Warner, who live together in California. They have recently written a sensible, easily understood guide called *The Living Together Kit* (Nolo Press, \$8.95). It is most useful for anyone who sets up housekeeping without benefit



Line of property—right above the line—is one way to avoid later legal hassles.

of marriage. Bawa and Warner are not your typical attorneys. In fact, the does not even practice law, he seldom does and they both alter the way the profession is perceived. Bawa and Warner and a group of others, some of whom are also lawyers, write books that attempt to explain and clarify the law for laymen. Nolo (in its residence) Press defines itself as "a group of people... who came to see much of what passes for the practice of law as being mumbo jumbo and paper shuffling designed by lawyers to trip up and confuse. Hear, hear."

If there is one single, essential warning to be gleaned from *The Living Together Kit* it is this: Don't take your relationship casually simply because you don't have a marriage contract. There are more laws on the books that could affect you than are dreamed of in your wildest cohabitation phantasies. Although some of these laws are seldom enforced, a man could wind up being Lucky Perre if a scorned woman or her lawyer takes after him.

One of the greatest myths about living with someone is that after a certain time period, you are considered to be automatically married—the so-called common-law marriage. In the great majority of states, including California and New York, this is simply not true. A few states will recognize common-law marriages, but even in those places, the laws require that both parties consent to enter into a common-law marriage. The length of time you live together is not important.

But the mere act of living with someone does imply some sort of contract—or so the courts have sort of construed it—so the courts have it so open to interpretation. The authors stress that you had better get everything down in writing—or at least everything that has to do with money. This may not seem like a very reasonable thing to do—for a man to whip out a contract the day a woman puts her shoes under his bed. But setting up ground rules and putting things in writing are the only ways to protect both of you from all kinds of problems if and when you split.

First of all, you want to avoid getting tangled with your roommate's debts. When you live with someone without being married, you assume absolutely no responsibility for his or her debts. You are all the look then, unless you deliberately run your property. Obviously, if your friend is having debt problems, be particularly careful not to put your money in a joint savings or checking account or joint ownership of a car or house or anything else.

Generally, the authors of the *Living Together Kit* suggest that the safest and clearest way to handle someone's affairs is to keep them separate beginning day one. Don't have joint accounts and don't mix money or become affiliates together except at emergencies. When you take on a roommate, cash of you should retain ownership of all possessions except prior to getting together. Of course you can give each other property. But if a major rain is given, a le-

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YOU GOT IT TOYOTA

As seen in 1 of 10 of the uncounted couples living together, last partners were under the age of 30. In 1970, they found of the couples had one or more children living with them. Office of Economic Research, Department of Commerce, Bureau of Economic Analysis, *Marriage, Divorce, Remarriage, and Cohabitation*, 1970, p. 10.

William Flanagan writes a regular column on financial matters.

dispute setting forth the facts is order. If you do purchase expensive items that you want to belong to you jointly, put that in writing too. And while you are at it, jot down just how the item or items are to be paid for—who contributes what. If it is a house that you are buying together, you will need a formal document of some sort; this is especially recommended if only one of you is working.

If it's a car that the two of you want to buy and if you both want ownership, there is no problem in acquiring the car jointly. But be sure to register the car in your names and your friends', not in your names or your friends'. The distinction is important. In the latter case, one party could legally sell the car without the other's knowledge or approval.

When it comes to loans and credit charges, be careful. If both of you are working, there is really no reason that you should own credit cards jointly. And if one of you wants to borrow cash, be wary of being a cosigner. The best one-word definition we know for most cosigners is "do-er," write them and Wiener.

The authors also suggest that you should always use your own names and refrain from passing judgment off as husband and wife. This sometimes can be a little tricky when you are traveling. One practical solution: Sign only one name in the register when you check into a hotel. If the clerk wants more specifics, then you can volunteer them.

When you do have a roommate and you are sharing expenses, there can be a slight temptation to file a joint tax return if it works out to your advantage to do so.

(Generally speaking, if your incomes are widely disparate, a joint return would result in a tax break. If that is a goal, you have to be married to file a joint return, period. But you can claim your roommate and your roommate's children as dependents if they have lived with you for the entire year as members of your family, if you have contributed more than one-half of their support, if they have not earned more than \$750 each, if they have not filed a joint return with anyone else, and if they meet certain residency requirements. More. ¹ This is tricky business, so you'd better check with a tax pro before doing it.

Written agreements are your and your roommate's best insurance against later misunderstandings. But, when happens if you don't have it all down in writing? As Lee Marvin discovered, you throw yourself on the mercy of the court.

It may not be law, but it is fact that a court can infer a contract from the circumstances of a living arrangement. A judge can rule that you have an implied agreement, or an implied partnership, or a trust, or what is known as a contract formed on the basis of quantum meruit—or just dole. As Lee and Wiener note, "The Marvin Court must find that, even where contract doesn't supply an instruction to contract or compensate, the law may impose a remedy where one person has greatly benefited at the expense of another."

If it seems to you that the court's interpretation opens a can of worms, you're not alone in your thinking. "The Marvin case is a rocky framework for regulating the property rights of people living together," write them and Wiener. "We believe that it is a confusing doctrine that is likely to

create more problems than it solves."

Ronald Lurie Fields, one of the most prominent non-married lawyers in New York, expresses it a little more colorfully. "The Marvin case was pure California. How can they uphold that in an oral agreement to support her for the rest of his life? Are we having law on pillow cases? It would have been laughed out of court in any other state in the Union. But as a state where top doctors become senators, where governors meddle and state court judges—well, everything is possible."

Unfortunately for many people living together, however, the California ruling is being looked upon as a guide, if not a precedent. There have been similar cases in other states where the judges have ruled in a similar fashion.

"The one thing that all this ambiguity means for certain," conclude them and Wiener, "is more work for lawyers. That is not surprising since the judges making the decisions are all trained as lawyers and believe that law and lawyers are equipped to solve disputes between unmarried couples. As the massive failure and opposed legal criticism in the divorce area clearly show, this isn't true. Sometimes the California Supreme Court doesn't seem to have gotten the message that in many cases people are living together primarily in order to escape lawyers." And that is pretty strong language for a pair of lawyers.

One fiasco of mine after struggling with all the paperwork of his living-together arrangement, finally decided "It's all too complicated. I'll just get married. That way at least I'll understand the rules and letters."

U.S. Sex Laws*

	Outlets Prostitution	Outlets Cocaine	Outlets Selling sex for Gift Cocaine		Outlets Prostitution	Outlets Cocaine	Outlets Selling sex for Gift Cocaine
Alabama	No	Yes	Yes	New Jersey	No	No	Yes
Alaska	No	Yes	Yes	New York	No	No	Yes
Arizona	No	Yes	Yes	North Carolina	No	Yes	Yes
Arkansas	No	Yes	Yes	Oldham	No	No	Yes
California	Yes	Yes	Yes	Franklin	No	No	Yes
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Rhode Island	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	South Carolina	Yes	Yes	Yes
Idaho	Yes	Yes	Yes	Tennessee	No	No	Yes
Kansas	No	Yes	Yes	Texas	No	No	Yes
Kentucky	No	No	Yes	Utah	Yes	No	Yes
Louisiana	No	No	Yes	Vermont	No	No	Yes
Maryland	No	No	Yes	Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes**	Wisconsin	Yes	Yes	Yes
Michigan	No	Yes	Yes				
Minnesota	No	No	Yes				
Mississippi	No	Yes	Yes				
Missouri	No	No	Yes				
Nevada	No	No	Yes				

*From The Living Together Kit (1976)

**Not interpreted by a state court decision, this statute is not applicable to private consensual conduct of adults.

In some states, of course, private consensual acts between adults remain strictly their own business. In the following states, all private sex acts between consenting adults, straight or gay, are legal: California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Hawaii, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming. —

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ESQUIRE

The Dangers Of Being Too Good-Looking

Maybe you don't have this problem. But can you spare a few moments for the poor devils who do?

by Patricia O'Brien

Talking about too-good-looking men is a tricky subject, so it's best to get some definitions passed down at the start, beginning with "head case."

Putting aside the natural attractiveness of personal situation, most everybody can agree on what it means to be "headcase." Cary Grant, Burt Reynolds, David Byrne, Sidney Poitier, and Senator John Warner are for most handsome men the "mugger-rugger" type: a slim, neatly identified John Wayne, Steve McQueen, Kirk Douglas—all a step or two sharper than handsome. "Disguised" is so precious, either Ronald Colman, Gregory Peck, and attorney Clark Gable could qualify "sleazy" (as far as men women are concerned) in records comparison. Any man—even an ugly one—can be very it all depends on how it is what I'm talking about. I'm interested in the problem of the man whose looks surpass the standards of "handsome," "average rugged," or "disguised." Women talking among themselves know what to call such a man. He is beautiful, almost in the female sense. Everything goes against. Nothing detracts.

George Hamilton, Alan Dean, Harry Belafonte, Yul Brynner, and the young Cary Grant—all beautiful. So are (or were) Dean Paul Martin, Tab Hunter, Troy Donahue, and the early John Lindsay. But men don't like the word "beautiful." It bothers them. If a man were to call another man beautiful, it would be with a snarl, a curl of the lip. "Beautiful" is negative. "Pretty" is even worse. When men do use words to describe these extra handsome people, they say such men are "too good-looking."



George Hamilton



John F. Kennedy



Christopher Reeve



John Travolta

That's what I am talking about.

You don't usually find men who are too good-looking in the coffee-stained, carbon paper environment of a newspaper city room, and the Chicago Sun-Times editor Jason Bopp used to show up during the room I worked there, strange things happened.

Am is a person of physical perfection. He knows men in a downtown, handsome flesh, displaying the intensity of his blue-blue eyes. He has a blond, his eyes are blond. He looks like a Nordic god caught in the wrong century. When he appeared in the city rooms, women reporters would do such things to check for smoking cups or just that hair was place. The men would sit up straighter and pull in their stomachs. I always took off my glasses.

It was as if somehow we all suddenly felt self-consciously glibly by comparison. Deficient. "You always look as if somebody came in to tell us his story for him," said one woman. "It makes me nervous."

Once, he arrived in an Edvard Munch with the upped-up look, a style that didn't last very long because few Americans even have a physique that can be mildly as such a strong silhouette. Otherwise, Jon didn't dress like a dandy around the office, but that morning, the combination of sartorial splendor with his usual staid presence was just too much.

"He looks like a dog," muttered one male reporter whose stomach developed

Patricia O'Brien is a national correspondent and columnist for *Knight-Ridder* newspapers and is the author of two books on human relationships.

I was also told that the less-than-beautiful man in such a confrontation often struggles with feelings of jealousy but has no culturally acceptable way of expressing them. Women are not so constrained. And why is a female broken in a competitive society that measures women by their

The answers all seem to be yes—unless such a man either has a powerful personality that transcends his looks or is careful to

"A beautiful man can be very powerful, very effective," says Christie Hefner, vice president of Playboy Enterprises and daughter of Hugh Hefner. "But all his stu-

Tab Hunter never improves his image of sexual profligacy. Men with unending fantasies who have the best sex as he himself will have even more social problems.

"If the girls in the office could dress as I'd be a lot more used than I am," he says with a touch of pride. Mrs. Crane cuts her husband's brown, wavy hair, which gives him enough of a shaggy quality to blur the edge of his beauty even further.

The truth is that men have always



Movie producer Rob Finkel had a brief career as an actor. He is quick to point out that his good looks have been a definite hindrance in the world of cinema.

prone privately but only in front of the bedroom mirrors and usually with no witnesses except their women. "It's a marvel to think that guys don't want to look like I do," says plastic reconstructive surgeon Scott Tonne, who operates frequently at Washington's political and media elite. "But they are definitely afraid of looking beautiful." For that reason, when performing eyelid surgery (blepharoplasty) on operators in which incisions that skin folds are removed from the upper eyelids, Dr. Tonne is very careful not to lift the skin

A politician, especially, is vulnerable when he is handsome.

looks as big as men as he does on screen. "If you do, it may give a man a somewhat wide-eyed, effeminate look," he explains.

The control factor remains. The moment a man's looks become too important a part of his public image, the instant they interfere with our expectations of masculine standards, he is vulnerable.

By Scott, a former television anchorman for the CBS affiliate in Boston.



Top model Matt Gubner is one of the few men who make their living from their looks. Though successful, he refers to his features as "furniture and decor."

learned the hard way that it is bad to be beautiful. In 1973, Scott, then only three years old, was hired and much public thought to be a beautiful man for Channel 7. The station executives took away his salary instead of paid him \$40,000 to smile and to read the evening news through a daily oval mask.

Public reaction was so incredibly hot the air that Jay Scott was quickly plucked off the set and almost literally tossed from Boston. "When I fell," says a wiser and older Scott, "CBS told me I was damaged goods. They told me to lay low for a while."

Unhappy for Scott, his blasterly, macho-minded supervisor triggered a feud by Walter Cronkite at "night boy" anchorman. De Scott's new business—the business he had prepared for is legitimately no anyone else and in which he was compensated—he was considered a symbol of creeping neo-professionalism in television news.

Scott has now become very cautious about his looks. He has put on some weight, got back to his true size, and when he smiles, there are four teeth showing on his teeth. "My looks did it," he says. "That will never happen again."

In the television world, wherever they do, men must underplay their looks—or at least pretend to do so. Good looking Steve Gutter, a key business for the Los Angeles Dodgers, has the additional barrier of dealing with the crowd that many men have for the American sports hero. "To do something more now would have to do it

with my eye daily, and I get paid for it. Millions of men would like to be able to do this," says Gutter.

But Gutter doesn't bother denying his good looks. He even admits to enjoying them. "When I do the interview, it's nice to have makeup men say, 'Hey, you're got good skin—no skin,'" says Gutter. "I use cosmetic and conditioners. I enjoy getting facials. I have to because I'm always getting a dirty looking place with perspiration over my face. The guys who don't, they're got complexion problems."

Gutter figures that people automatically think athletes are brash, angry, and dumb. "My looks are a definite help if I'm called on to combine them with a good approach to people," he says. "That's why I speak so much calmly." But when he smiles broadly in the air, when he sees men pulling back from him, he goes into his "defensive" mode. He starts looking about the fact that he is short. "You have to remind people you're still ordinary. At times as I see something happen, I say, 'Hey, I'm a short first baseman, follow. How can you resist that?' Had enough?"

Men who make a glamorous atmosphere for other men can short change to make their looks an asset and not a liability. An immensely good looking politician, especially, must cultivate techniques that will overcome the negatives of beauty. "Jack Kennedy was a politician who could shake his glances," says Ralph Whitford, a former political reporter who is now on the faculty at the University of Massachusetts. "He had a way of making men feel better looking just by being around him."

Whitford believes there is everywhere a strong feeling that power is attributed to male beauty. "You have to be a man's man. If you're a face man, you're in trouble."



Steve Gutter got his business for the Los Angeles Dodgers, but when some beauty is his looks. When they say, he tells them how short he is "telling" his looks.

his. You're better off being an average-looking guy in the political world."

The lead of women is non-good-looking men to please choice, it also requires. If the looks of a man stepped out of a Keweenaw, a woman against him. "It's a matter of being with your own look," explains the administrative assistant of one congressman on Capitol Hill. "If a man's eyes is a chappy, he's not as pretty boy."

Still, men are sleeping. People aren't always used to looking. It's obvious that we are not self-obsessed this in the past, and it's not surprising that beautiful and wonderful men are performing them through a period of confusion.



It is not in journalism for a man to be a good looking as James Hays, the editor of the Chicago Sun-Times. The effect on the television is after watching.

serve to cement the more in their looks.

At night, as Gutter, one of the most handsome men in Washington, was getting his hair, permed or dyed, would look me straight in the eye when I'm sitting opposite them. They don't seem quite as uncomfortable as before, wearing their plastic caps or curlers on their heads. I don't worry about whether I should perfect me to recognize them, nor do I reflect on how funny they look around. I am, an interesting character.

But there are still interesting undercurrents.

"It makes me uncomfortable, doing the hair of a man sometimes," says Gene Moss, owner of the shop. "I wonder if he's seeing my own hair."

It's something to watch men taking over a traditionally feminine environment and making it their own. They take control, ordering specific shampoos and cuts with more certainty than most women. They are quickly as occupied if they don't like the results. There is an elaborate caring and grooming all men and together, which is tricky for both the customer and the stylist.

"I get cautious. Why, I don't know," says Naomi. "I used to have all the women for women when they ask my opinion about how their hair should be styled. But

We forgive a man only if "character" triumphs in the end.

one thing is definite about. When a man wears about scoring homosexual credit, he's getting his hair done. I say "Lolita," doing this in the media center now."

According to Dr. Tannen, women who wear face-lifts still encounter men by about one in one in Washington, "but many and more men are coming for surgery." Here too, men take control and are more likely to be dissatisfied afterward. And here, too, the professional men performing the aesthetician service goes through a period of confusion.

"I felt a little strange at first, seeing men," says Dr. Tannen. "You try to stay a pro in this business. But with the first man I operated on, I thought, and I realized the way I would treat women." Luckily, it was a feeling that disappeared rapidly.

Women who have dated beautiful men acknowledge any number of ambivalent feelings. They describe a mixture of attraction and scorn and a selfishness about being seen by others as superficial. "I felt disappointed," admits a Midwest television reporter who dated a prominent, winningly beautiful man. "Not only was I always conscious of other women staring at him, I had to worry about whether I looked good enough to deserve being with him."

Most of the women I asked said they felt more comfortable after several dates. On the other hand, most of them said the relationship had a way of men losing too long. "Why?" They didn't answer that. Women do seem troubled by their own self-consciousness. "When I get on the New York scene and I am an empty suit next to a beautiful man, I'll do anything not to take it," says an administrator in the Department of Energy. "If I do, I'm sure he'll think it's because he looks terrific. I resent his inspired nervousness automatically."

It strikes me as noticeable how many

beautiful men I have seen marry returning, returning women who seem almost more like when they are around their husbands. "It's a man gives an interesting boy beauty with what is lovely about him—which is what happens frequently in beautiful women—he may need a woman at home who will never challenge it and who will constantly reinforce it," explains Dr. Howard Hoffman, director of adult services at The Psychiatric Institute of Wash. region.

In other words, some men, because of their looks, need more strength, more reassurance. Yet because of the paradoxes against them they can't complain about the perks of being beautiful—that would be unacceptably masculine. If beautiful men reach for power, they must define the impact of their looks. If they already have it, they must use it to make other men feel better looking, using always as if they never state it as a virtue and admire themselves.

There is a wonderful scene in *Sunday Night Fever* when John Travolta, the striking young hero, is driving to go to his bedroom. He stands directly in front of his bedroom mirror, looking himself in the eye, as if he were looking at himself in the eye. It is a very rare scene. It is so unadorned. For once, a beautiful man makes no apologies, neither in his selfishness or in his desire. He is not rugged or craggy, there are no character lines deep in his face, no beard stubble, no showing that he has been. Regardless of all the pop culture worship that goes for him to face, he's enjoying himself.

It is a very rare scene. It is so unadorned. For once, a beautiful man makes no apologies, neither in his selfishness or in his desire. He is not rugged or craggy, there are no character lines deep in his face, no beard stubble, no showing that he has been. Regardless of all the pop culture worship that goes for him to face, he's enjoying himself.

But the disarming ingratiation in this scene is the youthful innocence. John Travolta's dance look is in a young man, physically by whom we call maturity. If he stands before that mirror still beautiful,



John Travolta in the last scene of *Sunday Night Fever*, as good as the scene, the other and audience of his kind of his own. It's clear handsome men's success.

self interest, and still wraps at the age of 18, would we forgive him his looks then?

So there it is. The young Gary Cooper was beautiful. But he "matured" and we forgive him. When a man grows older, his looks are supposed to take second place to his character. What is on the surface is supposed to fade into some version of craggy or disarming. Only in this way does character triumph. The predictable result is that when in older men manages to remain youthful, he is supposed of remaining too good-looking by calculation. And what provides reason must be here except to his justice or character?

There's no doubt about it, so far as I'm concerned. For a man to be too good-looking is a problem. So he has good-looking for 100 long in other men. —

On the other hand, some pretty faces have it made.



Mel Brooks



Frank Prefontaine



John Richards

Inspiration Inc.

Zig Ziglar is at the top of the multimillion-dollar positive-motivation industry—because he thinks you can make it to the top too

by Robert Friedman

Zig Ziglar takes a new \$20 bill out of his pocket. He slides his thumb lovingly across Andrew Jackson's face and his forefinger over "In God We Trust." The 300 minutes in the audience are so still that you can hear the money crinkle from the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in Dallas. Ziglar smiles. "A lot of people look at money the wrong way," he says as he seductively smooths Mississippi dollars. "They talk about cold, hard cash. Now that's the silliest thing I ever heard. It's neither cold nor hard." The members laugh. "It's soft," Ziglar coos, "and warm."

Standing in the front of the stage with Genesis 22:1 written, he waves the \$20 bill. "Fate good, doesn't it? Goes with anything you're got. The color scheme is perfect. And the note you've got, the better it goes. I've had money and I haven't had it, and I'm here to tell you it's better to have it."

Is this somebody's idea of a "word job"? A crowd just being entertained on their Southern Baptist ministers who have come from all over the country to attend the church's School of the Prophets? Hahn's W. A. Cravall, the retired pastor of the powerful First Baptist Church of Dallas, just finished telling them they needed to lead the "crucified life, dead to the flesh and sin and sinners of the world."

If the man with the \$20 bill is completely sincere, he is doing a good job leading the Lord's sheepards today. He has his audience a group of men not known for their glibly laughing off the palms of his hand.

But Ziglar is so dead. He is a church disease, a born-again Southern Baptist, and a self-included salesman for Christ who believes that too many Christians think they should have "long lists and short pocketbooks." The members fall silent again to Ziglar's crutches, and lowers his voice. "Every one is a whole, vessel of my Christian brotherhood will come up to me, do a full body alignment, and say, 'How do you reconcile all that talk about money with Christianity?' And I'll say, 'It's easy. I believe God made the demands for Wu crowd, not for Satan's teach.'"

Zig Ziglar? If you haven't heard the name until now, it's only because you haven't been to the heartland lately. Out there, he is a cult hero—a Warner Edward for the Tupperware set. One of the great motivational speakers of all time, Ziglar gave up preaching in 1965 after years ago, when he realized that his infectious enthusiasm was a more desirable and valuable commodity than the tradition and pure faith he was peddling. Since then, he has become one of the most popular motivational speakers in America. (And if you don't know what a motivational speaker is, you've been following too long in what Ziglar calls "garbage dump thinking.") His book *See You at the Top*, though it has never made top best-seller lists, has sold over 150,000 copies in hard cover. The tape cassette course, "How to Stay Motivated," has been a source of inspiration to countless business people, house-

wives, and athletes. His speeches have been heard by tens of thousands at sales meetings and, more recently, at "entrepreneurial rallies" across the country. If you sell real estate for Century 21, or vitamins for Shaklee, or soap for Amway, or cosmetics for Mary Kay, or hamburgers for Jack-in-the-Box, or hotel rooms for Holiday Inns, chances are you've been "Ziglarized."

At 55½, Ziglar has climbed to the top of the burgeoning motivation industry. He is his own best success story—a rags-to-riches tale that begins on the back roads of Yazoo City, Mississippi, where he sold turpentine as a boy during the Depression. (Zig ends in North Dallas, where he now lives in a \$160,000 home with an arrow-shaped swimming pool. He gives an average of five speeches a week, travels over 100,000 miles a year delivering his message, commands speeches of \$2,500 an appearance, and is completely booked through 1983. Last year his business, the Zig Ziglar Corporation (formerly called We Believe and, before that, the Ziguemsky Institute) for which he is both the sales manager and the entire product line, grossed well over one million dollars.

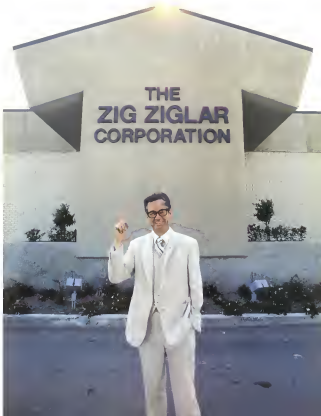
An urban before Ziglar have discovered—from P. T. Barnum (whose lecture "The Art of Money-Getting" was almost as popular in the 1850s as his current to the Carnegie [Andrew and David] Little Co. Co. The Frenchman who is the 1920s had millions of Americans receiving his message, "Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better"), to Norman Vincent Peale (whose *Power of Positive Thinking* outdid everything but the Bible in the early 1950s)—Americans can never get enough of the gospel of success. The market today is insatiable. One can only have as the self-help sections of a bookstore or pick up a copy of *Success* Definitive—the magazine of the "positive mental attitude" movement published by Chicago multimillionaire W. Clement Stone and former Nixon aide Dwight Chapin—to see the army of products promising a richer, better life. Although a selection of the products in the industry are available, small revenues from books, cassette tapes, self-improvement courses, public films, and mail-order get rich-quick schemes run into the hundreds of millions of dollars. One optimistic promoter who calculated money via public and sales seminars last year pegged the industry to generate sales of \$3 billion a year by 1984.

Like encyclopedias and cookbooks, success formulas are constantly in need of repackaging and improvement. In an era of fantasized expectations, when future rewards are steadily being delayed by inflation and uncertainty, the gospel of success has undergone a profound shift. A penny used to be a penny earned now after five years, it is only half a penny. Patience, once a virtue, is now a liability, and the promise of a heavenly reward or a salary retirement is no longer a sufficient incentive to sustain a lifetime of hard work and thrift. Today Americans materialize overnight—the Cadillac is the driveway, the park in the backyard—are for many people the only true signs of achievement.

For Zig Ziglar and other preachers of this new success gospel,

Robert Friedman, the last editor of *Money*, lives in New York. His profile of Larry Schiller appeared in *Esquire*, October 1977.

Photographs by Jack Casper/Woodfin Camp





Ziglar was born dirt poor in rural Alabama. Now affluent in Dallas, he enjoys the good life with his granddaughter Amanda.

The first time God spoke to Zig Ziglar, he was floating in his arrow-shaped swimming pool, looking up at the firmament. It was a hot summer night in 1972, and Ziglar had just been "born again."

the fear of falling behind—the modern-day equivalent of the fear of eternal damnation—has created an almost willing climate for desire self-improvement" wars. Ziglar's message that there is no need to despair, that the good life is within grasp—now—of you (only improve yourself), has found an enthusiastic audience among the tired, sloping middle class. To men managers, independent entrepreneurs, and junior executives inspired by the realities of corporate and governmental power, the myth of American individual power is as shining in a new set of realistic self-outlooks.

Beth Ross, an out-of-work actor from Hollywood, drove through the night to Dallas to get to Zig Ziglar's "Richter Life" course on time. He says he wants to get his life "in focus." Gloria and Carolyn Heath left their restaurant in Starkville, Mississippi, to attend the four-day seminar. Gloria says she wants to "get all those minutes and hours lined up" before he begins fleshing out his business. Paul Baumgartner, a chiropractor from Miami, North Dakota, decided to pay the \$1500 tuition for what was advertised as "an opportunity to change your life" after he heard Ziglar speak at a protivindictive rally. He says he wants to "close his channels."

One after another, the thirty-year men and women in the Del Monte Rooms of the Deques Plaza hotel stood up and nervously

asked why they have come to Dallas. There's a Christian dealer from Tennessee who says he wishes there's positive attitude to be as well as mere money, a district manager from Oklahoma for Jack-In-The-Box restaurant who wants a clearer understanding of his promise, a high school football coach from Alabama who wants to win his team championship, a management-training coordinator for a cigarette company in North Carolina who wants to give up smoking, a speed-racing teacher from Kansas City who wants to know how to make, and a manufacturer of sunglasses from Texas who says he wants some of that other life.

Zig Ziglar, six, of medium height, wearing a light brown, three-piece suit and diamond-studded gold cuff links in the shape of arrows, stands at the front of the class. He is flanked by an American flag and a portable blackboard on which the words "Health," "Wealth," and "Happiness" are written. After each speech, like a television game-show host, he asks a correct answer, he applauds and shouts the two words that have become the trademarks of his enthusiasm: "Bigger, bigger!" No matter how inattentive or inhibited the speaking, Ziglar has something new to say. One person, whose voice could hardly be heard, is praised for his strong head gestures; another, whose nose he kept touching to his nose, is told he has a strong voice. And so on.

Like a professor who only gives A's, Ziglar has no trouble

writing the effusions of his students. And though the currency of his education is quickly devalued, his words of encouragement bring tentative smiles to their faces. Many haven't received such an ovation since they uttered their first words.

After all thirty-six people have spoken, it is Ziglar's turn. Marshaling evidence from a variety of authorities (Cicero, Ben Franklin, Ben Franklin, and Ben Franklin), he declares war on negativity. The enemy, he says, has many faces: advertising, prime-time television, pornography, alcohol, tobacco, the theory of evolution from early childhood on, one's self-image as brought by negative conditioning. The poor self-image that can result is a sure sign of a defeated person. But now, Ziglar promises, the "Richter Life" course can show you how to eliminate this "murder" thought and establish a positive life attitude.

Maneuvering swiftly toward the Del Monte Rooms, firing distant shots at a rival city, he displays an arsenal of one-liners. ("I'm such an optimist, I'd go after Moby Dick on a coconut and sail the Arctic Ocean with me," declares "You don't plant beans and raise potatoes," personal testimonials ("I used to be a fat guy with a forty-one-inch waistline"), banalities ("You can get everything in life you want if you will just help enough other people get what they want"), down-home expostulations ("Don't get me wrong, your money's worth, we'll give you a full refund"). The class is assuaged by the performance, ready to follow the prophetic Ziglar's exhortation at the end of the first meeting's session: "During the next four days," he insists in his inimitable voice, the one who gets the perfect sales pitch, "you will see people literally change in front of your very eyes."

The first person to change in front of my eyes was Zig Ziglar. One knock he has on a standard book difference is he is as private then on stage. The bubbling enthusiasm that effervesced in class all morning had gone flat. The Will Rogers humor had dried up; the head set had turned solid. Somewhere between the Del Monte Rooms and The Grocery store, he had gotten smaller, older, less sure of himself.

Or so it seemed. With a man known as "The Governor of Salesmanship," a man who claims that once he got his feet in the door he closed 92 percent of his sales, one has to be careful of appearances. In a lecture he gives to salesmen called "Power Cloths," Ziglar offers some telling advice about how to come up in order without losing the potential customer's interest. To gain the would-be disclosure done, he suggests: "Tell the prospect that both the government and the company you work for require you to disclose all the terms of the sale, all the hidden costs. Write it all down for him. Then if he says, 'Hey, wait a minute, you're not writing up the costs, are you?' you can honestly say, 'No. I just wanted you to be familiar with all the details.'"

What is remarkable about the life story Ziglar declined to me over lunch is that that his on-camera adversity found success—although this is an inspiring tale—but that he has remained very much the "little guy." He claims to have left behind years ago. Despite his Las Vegas Connection, his swimming pool and his own triumphs of success, he has not changed that much from the boy growing up in Mississippi who dreamed of one day owning a secondhand Chevrolet. And despite the ease that these million miles he has traveled, he still lives in a world circumscribed by his inner Southern Baptist views and his fears of failure. Curiously, though, it is the private "little guy" not the public "big shot" who is the secret of Ziglar's success.

Billye Ziglar ("Wouldn't you want to change a name like that?") was born in southern, rural Alabama in 1914. His father, Eugene Ziglar, a plowman, salesman, and fireman, died after moving the family to Yucca City, Texas, and his eleven brothers and sisters were raised by their mother, a religious woman whose he describes as "unable to believe anything but what she's told."

"Things were tough," he recalls. "I came eating tough. I went to work selling vegetables in the street when I was seven. I started in the grocery store and sold it. I was not a very good salesman when I was twelve. I worked after school every day and on



Synthetic smile? Ziglar's deskwork and gold cuff link, say a connoisseur none papers and a sculptor in the office are all well-kept.

Saturdays. I was very used to a child—weighed less than one hundred and twenty pounds, fully dressed in a sweater or high school. I always thought of myself as the little guy from the little town who would struggle all of his life. This was Depression thinking. My expectations were small. My idea of a dream vacation was to have two whole weeks and to drive as far as you could and still get back in time. I pursued myself one day living in a house on the nature of town."

After graduating from high school, Ziglar enlisted in the Navy, hoping to become a pilot. But before he could get off the ground, the war was over. Discharged in 1946, he married the woman he still calls "my redneck" and enrolled at the University of South Alabama in Columbus. He sold sandwiches in the dormitories at night to pay the bills. But, he continues, he wasn't interested either in studying or in vending sandwiches, and after a few months, he applied for a job selling pots and pans on commission for the Wearwater Aluminum Company. He was rejected. Two months later, however, the sales manager had a change of heart and gave Ziglar his first break.

For eleven days, he knocked on doors without making a sale. On the twelfth day, Ziglar remembers, "it was hot, and I was broke and discouraged. I had been out all day and no one would even let me in the door. I wanted that if I didn't at least get to tell my story before the end of the day, I was going to die." Then, as he would have it, he sold his first set of cookware. He still remembers the name (Mrs. J. O. Freeman), the address (Bolia Drive), and the amount of the down payment (\$15.00). "When I went home that night," he says, "I thought I was the richest man in Alabama."

But the glory soon wore off. Ziglar dropped out of school and moved with his wife to Lenoireville, fifty miles north of Columbus. "During the next two and a half years," he says, "all I did was give my day had been right out to him here in his first place. It was really a question of survival. When our first baby was born, I had to literally go out and sell two sets of cookware in order to get her out of the hospital."

Then, on a snowy day in 1950, a man named F. C. Merrill walked out of the pages of a Houston Alger novel into Ziglar's life. A Wearwater executive, was considering a sales representative in Charlotte, North Carolina, and at the end of the lecture, he called Ziglar aside. The twenty-five-year-old salesman from Yucca City was surprised that a man who was so high up in the company, a man he looked upon as a hero, even knew his name. He was more surprised by what he wanted to say.

"Zig," Merrill said, "I've been watching you for the past two and a half years, and I've never seen such a waste."

Was that the end of the road? Ziglar wondered. But Merrill had something else to add.

"If you'd only recognize your ability, Zig," he said, "you could be a great use. I'm convinced you could even become a national expert."

The conversation lasted just two minutes. But that night, as

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Ziglar drove home from Charlotte, he repeated Merrill's words over and over. No one had ever before experienced such confidence in him. The effect was magical. The next morning, his left hand glowing, he went to work as if he were a "blessed" chiropractor. The rest is common history. Before the year was out, he was number two out of 7,000 Weaver salesman across the country. He traded in his Corvair for a Pontiac. The next year, he became the company's highest paid sales manager, and two years later, as youngest divisional supervisor. On his way to the top, he set sales records that still stand today.

I pray God will make me a P. C. Merrill in your lives," Ziglar tells a hushed audience on the second day of the "Richer Life" course. "Because all of you are designed for accomplishment, enjoyment for income, and endowed with the seeds of greatness."

This is already the fourth time I have heard Ziglar's success story in the two days I have been in Dallas: first over lunch, then reading Sir Jon de la Tap that evening in my room, which overlooked the Dupont Plaza's posh-Roman fountain, then at the Post Baptist Church the next morning, where he had concluded the tale by saying, "P. C. Merrill was just a man, but I come representing the highest authority of all," and now in the Del Monte Room. No doubt Ziglar was even more tired of it than I was, having delivered the same speech thousands of times. But for the uninitiated, it seems to work like magic every time.

The P. C. Merrill story came right on the heels of what had been, until then, the emotional high point of the "Richer Life" course: Rich Garner, senior vice president of Holiday Inn International, had been invited to drop out of the seminar by the executives of the real world. Black employees at the Paradise Island Holiday Inn in the Bahamas had gone on strike and management personnel were being flown in to keep the kitchen running and the cocktails wheeling around. Before he left, Garner delivered a farewell speech that received a standing ovation. Ziglar could not have found a truer to give a better testimonial.

"During the last day and a half," the handsome and elegantly dressed German manager said with a heavy accent, "I have made no major decisions involving my personal business that will most definitely affect the rest of my life." He went on to describe how he had had only four years of formal education and had worked his way up three weeks to vice president. Much of his success, he said, he owed to what Ziglar calls "the greatest educational tool ever built for man"—the cassette tape recorder.

"I have six tape decks," Garner said, "one in my bathroom, one in my study, one in my apartment, one in each of my two cars, and one in my office. I have over four hundred tapes, and I listen to them constantly. Many of those tapes are Mr. Zig Ziglar's. The words of the Zig Ziglars of this world have turned my life around from an unhappy one without a future just a few years ago to a happy one with a future I now look forward to."

Having made himself a P. C. Merrill on Rich Garner's life, Ziglar now set out to do the same for the remaining thirty-five students. After a full day of positive reinforcement and ego stroking, most of them were already feeling more relaxed and self-confident. Whenever repetition had been evident the day before were couched by the realization that now was going to be the "Richer Life" course. People were changing before my eyes, just as Ziglar had predicted—but so far, no more than if they had been on a Caribbean cruise with an overly enthusiastic social director.

On Monday afternoon, a so-called authority expert (formerly a Chrysler dealer from Procter, Ohio) demonstrated how useful it is to remember three dozen accents by associating people with various animals and vegetables, after unusual hours of pontificating lists and toasts, everyone was on a first-name basis. That evening, each member of the class gave a two-minute speech about the business or career or most embarrassing experience of his life. While Ziglar reserved the power of the name, incorporating frequent applause with cries of "Let's continue!" students evaluated one another's performances on special "I Like ____ Because ____" pads (positive comments only). "No one has ever received a salute to a critic," Ziglar had said, banishing all negative thoughts from



Ziglar stands before the mosque of Dallas's First Baptist Church, where he is a deacon, with his friend and partner, W. A. Crowell.

the Del Monte Room. The homework assignment that first night had been to fill out a "Dream Sheet." Ziglar explained: "List some of the things you want—the beautiful home, the trip around the world, the brand-new automobile."

By Tuesday, the class was ready for Ziglar's lecture on goal setting, the next step toward success. Garner's well-used car for Paradise Island had provided a perfect introduction: "It's five-thirty in the morning," Ziglar began, "and the telephone rings. The excited voice of an old friend at the other end says, 'Hey, partner, I've got some fantastic news. I've just won a trip for four to Acapulco. We're going to leave tomorrow morning. We're going to fly there in a corporate jet and live in a French chateau's villa for four magnificent days. They're bringing us a British chef who they say is the best cook in the world. We have a sixty-foot yacht at our disposal, and the captain knows where all the best spots are. We have a chauffeured limousine to take us around town, and everything is going to be paid for. All I want to know is, can you be ready to go tomorrow morning at precisely eight o'clock?'"

Ziglar pauses, letting his description of the good life sink in. "Now let me ask you a question," he says to the class. "If you should get a telephone call like that, how many of you think you could be ready to go the next morning at precisely eight o'clock?"

The answer is predictable. "Then let me ask you a second question," he says. "Isn't it true that when you hang up the phone you begin to think, 'Oh my goodness, I've got a conference at ten thirty tomorrow morning, and twenty-nine letters to dictate and a sales call to make at two thirty, and the boss is coming in from out of town?'"

The heads go up again. "Now how many of you honestly think you could get away alone in the next twenty-four hours that you normally get done in two, three, four, five, even six days?"

"My story is your story," Ziglar says. "I don't believe there's one of you in this auditorium whose shoes I have not walked in or who's ever been as broke or as scared or as insecure as I was."

Once more the class responds in unison: "Then, ladies and gentlemen, let me ask you a very simple question: Why don't you go to Acapulco tomorrow and every day at your own need?"

The first time Zigler spoke to Zig Zigler, he was floating on his back in his open-backed swimming pool, looking up at the filmmaker. It was a hot summer season in 1972, and Zigler had just been "home again." The circumstances of the 1968 election were still fresh in his mind. He had been in the race, the week before, he had met a black woman named Sister Jesse who passionately professed his malice to applying love and honor to grungy limbs and open scars. Since his childhood, Zigler had been fascinated by old-time markers, and he had studied the Bible and the lives of the great men of the past. There, as the country was celebrating its independence, Zigler declared his dependence on Christ. "There was no explosion, no flashing light," he recalls as we sit on his living room, "just a complete assurance that came over the Sister Jesse, it moved me, it moved me, so I kept on a proposition not to drink liquor. She was originally a black woman, but she was white. God used her to give me my mind and my heart."

"That night, while floating in the pool, Zagar pressed God 'lord,' he said to himself, 'I know you put this whole big universe together, and I know that someday you're going to take it down.' Just then, as he tells it, a shooting star fell and a glow came from the darkness. "That's right, boy, and don't you ever forget it."

The second time God spoke to Ziglar was a few days later in Corpus Christi (the appropriate place for a divine conversation). While there on vacation with his family, Ziglar received a phone call from a man who had previously turned him down for a speaking engagement. Now he wanted Ziglar to address his company's international convention. As they talked on the phone, God came on the line. "Son, Zig," the voice said so clearly it had been a loud call, "when you leave it up to me, I'll take care of these little details for you."

The fact is, F. C. Merrill notwithstanding, Ziegler had not done all that well until later Jesse came along. He was neither rich nor famous nor happy. He weighed over 200 pounds. His company, We Believe, was barely getting by on proceeds from speaking engagements and a cassette and an album of his recorded sales talks entitled *Success, Power and Prosperity*.

What has happened in the town occupied by F. L. Muscarel to make him become one of the greatest cowboys saloons in America? As Zigler puts it, he had become "a wandering general." In 1955, he left Worcester for the Blue Craggan Inn, in New York, the school founded by the mother of Bow to Bow Friends and Influence People. He took Craggan's course in public speaking and published a new sales course the school was offering. But New York City was too noisy to drink, after just three months, he said his family "narrated" south. "When our daughter started singing 'you're gay,'" he recalls, "we knew we had to leave."

Over the next five years, Zigler held countless different jobs. He sold everything from vitamins to cancer insurance. He tried to get-rich-quick schemes after another, killing dimper and doing one after the other. Finally, in 1961, he returned to the cowboy boots, selling straitened steel guns and guns for the Dallas-based Salsburg Gun Corporation. He was back where he had started a decade earlier. Within a year, however, Zigler established himself as the company's top salesman. By 1964, he had paid back his debts and had polished his self-image enough to leave the cowboy boots behind for good. This time, he launched his spending career by giving a company called Americana Salesmen, which ran some sort of advertising, his own letter. He started his own business.

But it wasn't until Cleveland got on the phone in Corpus Christi that

Yglesias found success: "From that day until this, I have not had to select a single speaking engagement," he says. "And my calendar is so much fuller. In fact, I've never had it so good."

The house on Oakleaf Lane, in North Dallas, here witness to his success. In addition to the arrow-shaped swimming pool and the Lincoln Continental parked out front, there is a movie screen set into the chimney, made, displayed near an arrow-shaped desk, six dozens of plaques and trophies and photographs that comprise a gallery of his accomplishments. As he sits in his spacious living room, looking late into the evening about the fortunate conjunction of spiritual and financial success, Ziegler is joined by his wife and one of his three daughters. He, too, has written a three-part autobiography, *My Life and Times*, and is in a picture of contentment. "I'm reminded of the little house on the corner of Iowa that Ziegler dreamed of as a boy in Kansas City. "If even a man was home, with his home," he says, "it's me."

[illegible]

Zaglad's enemies, but does not end there. When it comes to political issues, he is just as opinionate. As he sees it, the United States is being undermined by welfare, government regulation of business, negative trade balances, recognition of China, declining military strength, and ignominious leaders. Not even his colleagues among Carter is spared from the attack. "Negativism generates from the leadership down," he observes. "Most Europeans this week are afraid and definitely not be victims for Carter."

As his voice begins to fade with fatigue and his grandfather and cat fall asleep, Zagar sends a ray of hope to the descending darkness: "At the great noon level, in the great middle class, they're saying enough is enough. They're saying we want moral responsibility. One of the roles I hope to play is to urge people to examine their political candidates for their integrity, their love of America, and their belief in the free enterprise system. We know for some time now that God has had some very special plans for me. I think this is his way of delivering the message of optimism and morality."

Trailing a microphone were behind him, Zig Zigler darts across the stage of the coliseum in Charlotte, North Carolina. Like the master artist in the crowd that played here a few nights ago, he has the eyes of 15,000 spectators following his every move. He



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Portrait Of the Photographer As a Grand Old Man

After half a century of pioneering,
Ansel Adams is still stalking the perfect picture

by Carole Lalli

One day, a person who identified himself as either a movie producer or a screenwriter phoned Ansel Adams at his house in Carmel, California, to say he wanted to make a movie based on Adams's life. He added that he thought he could get Robert Redford for the lead. The call itself was not unusual; Adams's number is in the books, and screenplays of one kind or another about this call were preparing to Adams. "Who is Robert Redford?" he asked one of his assistants. "Never mind, A. B. It's all wrong for the part."

Ansel Adams—the ending photographer of the American wilderness—made the photographs that define the West for millions of Americans who have never seen it. And he altered the perceptions of those who have. His subject matter is not simply nature but his own extraordinary relationship with nature. Because Adams knows things about the natural world that we don't, we often see more when we share his way of seeing than when we look through our own eyes. It is not unusual to meet someone who was dazzled by Adams's rich black-and-white photographs of Yosemite, the Southwest, and Death Valley only to be disappointed by the relatively slight photography.

This September, roughly only three years since he first looked through the viewfinder of a camera, The Museum of Modern Art will show "Ansel Adams and the West," a retrospective of his photography of the western landscape. The show is limited to landscape because that is the focus in which Adams contributed the most to contemporary art and photography.

"Ansel Adams is more than a grand old man," says a Los Angeles art dealer. "He has the same appeal, the same aura, as John Wayne did. In fact, to some people, Adams is the American West in the same way that Wayne was the American West to others." Nevertheless, despite its straight focus, gritty board, and Statuesque face, Ansel Adams is not too taken with the notion of western men personified by Marlboro ads and cowboy movies.

"I don't think those fellows were like that at all," he says. "I don't believe in the New England character either. You know what they say about the good old days—they are the product of bad memory."

Adams's forthcoming show at the Museum is being called the most important of his life, possibly more significant than the show that Alfred Stieglitz gave him in *An American Place* gallery in

1935. "That show is not a validation. Ansel is very good that," says one critic. "The show has its own reason for being. No other photographer has had so much broad-based appeal and still been called his integrity. And it gives the public another large job about photographic art."

As it happens, Adams and his good friends Beaumont Newhall and David McAlpin forced the issue of a separate department of photography for the Museum back in 1949, but Adams lost a bid to see his show there since 1944. Although the Adams show will be confined to landscapes, the philosophy of this department under its third director, Julia Sorkow, has been not to confine shows simply on the basis of subject matter. "We've never done an exhibition designed to show that women were a good idea, that youth was a good idea, that poor people were a good idea," he says. Nor can the Adams show be regarded simply as a witty collection of scenes and details from nature.

Art historians hot to put Adams into the continuing tradition of great, heroic landscape art, deriving from English and nineteenth-century painting traditions, is more interested in demonstrating that Adams belongs to twentieth-century photography. Although the show will deal with the obviously grand, it will also be concerned with the fine and subtle sites that nature is everywhere; eloquent little scenes not inherent in Adams's images. In one of a series of pictures called "Autumn, Northern New Mexico"—an image that Sorkow says "simply would not have been made before World War One"—a tiny young tree with new leaves stands heroically against a grove of older ones. "It is not a big tree, but it is a mind-blowing tree, it has little intricate value—you couldn't get one issue of *The New York Times* out of that tree—but it is marvelously moving."

Adams's legendary technique, another key element of his work, is the release for the imagination he employs. The photographs he made after 1932 are more or less faithful to the principles of Group f/64—Edward Weston, Willard Van Dyke, Imogen Cunningham and Adams among others (f/64 refers to the tiny lens opening that allows for sharp focus in every plane of a photographic scene—from the background of the picture to the foreground—and results in highly detailed images.) According to Weston, Group f/64's leader, photographers should strive to develop what is called "precision," the ability to see the print before exposure. And there's all he said; they should never imitate. "The particular qualities belonging to painting or other arts," it is Adams's utter mastery of this technique, along with his scrupulous

Rights: Based on his living room in Carmel, California, Adams wrote the opening this fall of his most important show.



Photography by Steve Croach

Carole Lalli is a writer based in Los Angeles, recently exposed on the Maui & Channel waters of the Santa Ynez Valley for Eternity.



"Moon and Half Dome," 1903. At Yosemite scene Adams returned to photograph time and again.

ing, that has enabled his work to transcend subject matter.

Adams's flawless printing, too, is a painstaking process that, according to some, approaches a fetish. It still takes hours, even days, for him to make a fine print from a negative he has used for years. And no one else can duplicate his printing.

Indeed, printing was part of the reason that Adams was not involved with shaping his latest show. Like most artists, Adams thinks his most recent work is his best. He believes that a picture cannot be good without fine printing, and as a compulsive craftsman, he thinks his printing constantly improves. He found it difficult to allow his older prints to be used for this retrospective show at the Modern, believing that he should prepare newer and, for him, better versions. Finally, Adams was persuaded that the whole point of the show was to present his prints as they were made over the course of his career. Even so, as Sierkowski made his selection from almost sixty years' worth of photographs, he would find some print he believed that had perhaps been interpreted by Adams differently in the past than it would be today, and Adams would come over and say, "Oh, John, I can make a much better print than that!"

"Ansel couldn't understand," says Andrew Tarnagge, Adams's assistant and archivist, "that what was valuable about it was the way it was. It is the same with other artists. A.A. can look at a Custer-Denison and say, 'But why didn't he print it better?' You can't tell him it wasn't meant to be printed better."

Ultimately it's technique rather than subject matter that deter-

mines Adams's taste for other photographers' work as well. He admires Stephen Shore—who works in color and finds beauty where Adams might not—for his fine printing and composition, he considers Rob Henschel a great craftsman and a consummate artist "even though," says Tarnagge, "Henschel makes those vast ice ends, and ending, for Ansel, is a time to avert the eyes."

Partly to show his way of working, the first room of the show at the Modern will be hung with fourteen or fifteen pictures that Adams made at different times from the mount overlook at the mouth of Yosemite Valley. Rather than discard a scene because he's already photographed it, he returns again and again to investigate the ways in which it changes in the course of a day, a season, a lifetime. As Sierkowski puts it, "Ansel carried those pictures on his own knowledge, on countless days and nights and weeks of contemplation, they're his perception."

Adams has photographed the West for more than half a century, returning with particular fascination to the moths and tensions of his first love, the Yosemite Valley. In the early years, when few others dared there, he felt he owned the park. But he made his real claim to that territory later, with his pictures.

Adams was born in San Francisco in 1902. He made his first photograph at the age of sixteen, in Yosemite, with the camera of the Kodak Brownie series camera one given to him by his father. If he was to leave the valley, it would also claim him, influencing everything of importance in his life. He returned summer after



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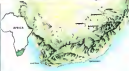
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The look of the man who runs ahead of the pack.



"Aspens, Hurricane River Meades," 1933. Adams takes photos, even stops, to make a fine print.

runner, hiking and camping, the most successful in aviculture—an intense he pursued to this day—than in photography. "Photography was just a way to record where I went and who I was with—what was I sleep under," he says. "It was a while before I saw anything else in taking pictures, before they started to remind me of how I had felt at the time."

Adams's family was not particularly artistic, unless you count his mother's typical late Nineteenth-century-the-Browning Society and other paintings—but they were wealthy as a result of his grandfather's success as a businessman. After 1895, however, a series of disasters (his lumber mills were leveled by fire and twenty-seven ships lost to fire and shipwreck) greatly reduced the family fortune; most of the rest was lost in the financial panic of 1907. Although their affluence was greatly diminished, the Adamses held on to their big brown shingled home in an outlying seaside district of San Francisco. When Adams says, "I suppose people are better off if they don't have so many servants," he sounds as if he's not quite sure. In any case, the dwindling family fortune left a telling mark on the young man, and it was not until very recently that Adams felt financially secure.

At twelve, he took up the piano. By the time photography was even close a hobby, he was an accomplished musician, and eventually the piano and the camera competed for his creative energies. But above all, there was Yosemite. Adams, who admits to an "old-fashioned appreciation of beauty," believes that if his deep involvement with nature didn't actually inspire his creative life, it

certainly affected his sensibilities. "My own music and my playing became romantic, and I developed a taste for John Muir—that kind of poetry."

Adams met his wife, Virginia, in Yosemite. If the park was becoming a motif in his life, it was born personally by birthright. Her father was Henry Connor Bull, a landscape painter of the Alpert School; actually, who kept a house and studio in Yosemite like a hermit, married Henry Adams and Eva, the Bull's had also met in the Yosemite paradise and were married at the foot of Bridalveil Falls. Their studio had the only piano in the park.

"One day," says Virginia Adams, "a friend, Axel Hall, came around with this tall, gangly young man and said 'I've got a manuscript here, Axel Adams, and he wants to use your piano.' It was several years before I realized he wasn't just coming around to play the piano." They were married on January 3, 1918.

In the mid-1920s, Adams was part of the bohemian community that had been a San Francisco institution since the 1840s. He knew the artists and musicians of the day, and later, because of her singing, Virginia was also drawn in. At one such callous get-together, Adams met Albert Bender. Bender was a small, energetic Irish Jew, a freebiter whose passions were channeled to sexual issues. The owner of a highly profitable insurance business, Bender practiced a style of pornography more complicated than simple lewdness to artists. A nonparticipant himself, he worshipped the gifted, and he was an effective middleman between struggling artists and San Francisco's culture-conscious Jewish elite, who made up a

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"Oh, no!"
Every one of my
sports trophies had melted
in the heat.



I watched our savings go up in flames.

The smoke drifted in way under the door and into the kitchen, curling itself into a gloom around the sleeping cat. She woke sharply and fled. A few minutes later, I suddenly realized what was happening.

"It's a fire," I yelled. "We've got a fire!" Fortunately, it was a small blaze and the damage was confined to one end of my den. After the firemen put out the flames, Helen and I picked our way through the rubble. The wood still smoked and hissed from the water.

I stopped, stunned. "Oh, no!" Every one of my sports trophies had warped and melted in the heat.

As I stood there, suffering incredible anguish, Helen phoned at my elbow.

"Hurry—what about the Savings Bonds? weren't all the Bonds in your desk drawer?"

"Helen, how can you be so insensitive?"

The Savings Bonds we can replace. Look at my trophies!

Which was true, of course. Even though our savings went up in flames, we didn't lose a cent. Bonds are guaranteed, even if they're destroyed.

I know Helen was really relieved about the Bonds. But I don't think she cared a hoot about my trophies. When I finally gave up and consigned the remains of metal to the trash can, I could swear I saw her winking.

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The Christmas advertising photo made by Adams over 1000 for a San Francisco department store is from a tape that lists Adams' body of commercial work that helped support the struggling artist.

kind of Our Crowd of the West. After looking at Adams' photographs, Bender immediately told him that he had to continue photography and begin a portfolio of his prints at once. "Bender could call any of those people up," recalls Adams. "And say, 'This is the season! Now look here, I've got this young man Ansel Adams. He's going to do a portfolio. Fifty dollars. I'm going to take two of them, and you ought to too.' In a couple of hours on the telephone, we raised the rest of publishing."

Bender had a hand in the next project too. He drove with Adams down to Santa Fe, where Adams and Mary Austin, the artist with whom he would collaborate on *Timberline*, first accompanied Adams' pictures of Tom Jackson and their adobe village pictures made in the romantic, soft-focus style of the day. It was a style he was about to abandon forever, but it saved Austin's recent loss and the theme of spiritual enlightenment.

On a 1930 trip to Santa Fe, Adams met Paul Strand and had an experience that has been compared to nothing less than Saul's conversion on the road to Damascus. Then twenty-eight years old, Adams was only undecided about which career to follow—again he suspected one of Strand's secrets. He was inspired by that luminousness, clarity and depth of detail. "I know then," he says, "that there was nothing photography could not do."

That crucial moment occurred three years after Adams had climbed 8,000 feet to photograph the mountainous slopes of Half Dome. "Meanwhile, the Price of Half Dome" was his first "road-savvy" shot. The first time he considered to the finished print his own's name and perception, not merely the camera's definition. "It took a conventional exposure, but it didn't look anything like

what I felt about it. I knew I wanted a brooding black sky. I could almost see the image." He succeeded with this second and last exposure. "I wanted to repeat that performance."

Clearly, Adams' meeting with Strand in Santa Fe simply reinforced a decision that had been all but made. For one thing, he had come to a difficult realization about his future as a painter. His talent would never match his ambition. "I would have been very good, but not a virtuoso. I would have become an excellent accomplished." Nevertheless, working music developed his sense of aesthetics, music trained him to be an artist.

It is now commonly known that Ansel Adams has become richer than most photographers out there any other photographer ever has. What is not so commonly understood is that the money really came in the last few years and that it is not nearly so much as everyone supposes. "People think I'm rich, that I didn't have to work," he says in amazement.

Until recently, in fact, photographers who extended fortunes—and, for that matter, those who barely made ends out—did so through their commercial work. Edward Steichen's wealth came from the high fees he charged. Pogue and Wemyer Fair for portraits and fashion plates and from such advertising clients as Kodak and Argus's Lotens. Of Adams' private career, Paul Strand had a private success and the low-busy Weston was always on the brink of poverty. Weston's letters from Mexico, where he did some of his most memorable work, are filled with worries about where the next day's bread would come from (he traded prints for groceries). The grainy photo about Weston was that he became as



impossible to get out of society because he couldn't afford to waste paper or chemicals. Even now, after more than twenty years, Adams seems pained to remember that "Wadon had only those hundred dollars in the bank when he died."

Adams, too, struggled along, earning an income from teaching and lecturing, from writing technical books, and from commercial photography, a body of work few people could exist. He did magazine work, going off on assignment for *Fortune* to illustrate company profiles of Loblolly Properties, Elmer Corbitt, and visit farms in the San Joaquin Valley. Committed to a teaching schedule at the California School of Fine Arts (now the San Francisco Art Institute), he was once forced to refuse an assignment from *Life* that would have paid \$15,000. It was the last time he would "adapt" himself to this way.

In 1936, Steiglitz gave Adams a show at An American Place gallery in New York. Adams had already been shown at the San Francisco and in the De Young in San Francisco, but recognition by Steiglitz, the greatest figure in American photography, was dazzling. Nevertheless, artistic achievement has little to do with livelihood, and on the way back west, desperate for money, Adams stopped in Chicago and picked up an assignment from the *News & Company* garment makers. Adams wrote to Virginia that he was photographing "French garters, corsets, etc." To make money, he took pictures of everything from food for advertisements to sculptures for the Museum.

In 1940, Hill Brothers commissioned Adams to make a photograph of Yosemite for its brand of coffee. The image of Yosemite Valley in the snow was printed on a tin with the company's label pasted onto it in the middle. Today, a virgin son of Uncle Krutchen Coffee with the Ansel Adams picture is as valuable in fine art circles as is an original Gino Coko tag in pop art circles.

By 1970, weary of filing orders for three or four prints at a time, Adams made a move that finally put the days of financial struggle behind him and ultimately made him a millionaire. At the age of sixty-eight, he hired a business manager—Art Eric Hill Tarango, a Yale graduate and fellow conservationist, agreed that Adams would stop granting for all but museums and other nonprofit institutions. Tarango began taking decisions and collecting fees that they had until the end of 1975 to place orders. Their warning was given because Adams did not want to drive prices up by creating an artificial scarcity, in fact dealers were encouraged to place large orders.

The announcement meant that commercial galleries wanting to deal in Ansel Adams's work had better acquire an associate: it was the last chance. Some like Jerry

Left: "Moose Bell," made near Aspen circa 1931. Adams's subject has always been the extraordinary relationship with nature. Below: Adams on the Sierra Nevada circa 1940.



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Bell System

Loma, of Washington, D.C., who ordered 1,000 prints at an investment of over \$200,000, badly appraised the situation and knew they could only win. Others were less sure of the gamble. Maggie Weston, whose San Francisco gallery dominated the West Coast market for Adams's work, was reluctant to go into debt and ordered only 500,000 worth of prints. "What could I do?" says Adams. "I couldn't tell her to go to the back." The situation was different with Lee Wolk. Wolk, the first large commercial gal-

lery to handle Adams, had done so exclusively in New York since 1966. Wolk's final order was too small to accommodate New York collectors, so the account went to the Light Gallery, which placed an order for 700 prints.

Adams's prints in the galleries were freed when the cutoff was announced, but the retail prices started to rise. Everyone's favorite example is "Moosewo, Rembrandt, New Mexico." The gorgeous image of her nightgown striking the crown of a cowboy on the

Adams and His Circle

Ased Adams is our bridge to an earlier, intensely creative period in American photographic art. In 1902, the year Adams was born, Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and Edward Steichen (1879-1973) founded a group known as the Photo-Secession, with the purpose of dignifying photography as an art. By that time, various artists had been working with cameras for something like fifty years, but the Photo-Secessionists' (PS) gallery was located at 291 Fifth Avenue, in New York, and Steichen's beautiful Camera Work publication helped legitimize and emphasize to the public what the secessionists photography is art.

Early in his career, Steichen used photography merely as a tool for painting, but by the early 1920s, he recognized that medium and himself were of his paintings. Steichen, like Adams, was drawn to the energy of natural elements and was interested in seeing through subject matter to its spirit. He came to reject the pictorial aspects of photography and became the major proponent of "straight," or nonmanipulative, photography.

One of Steichen's protégés was Paul Strand (1890-1976). His richly detailed prints profoundly affected Adams, and he was one of the first photographers to capture nature in a small, natural detail in a way that could suggest an entire landscape.

The principles of Steichen and Strand were the basis for the sharp-focus, pure photographers called Group f/64. The most famous of the group was Edward Weston (1896-1958), who

was Adams's dear friend. Early in his career, Weston turned a living making soft-focus, arty portraits, but he later made his reputation with a personality, sensual eye for objects and nature and with an impeccable, precise technique. Weston never made more than a few living from his work, but he was an American master.

Like the other f/64 artists, Images Compositions (1935-1936) at first made minimalist, soft-focus images. With Adams and Weston, the shared a sensitivity for natural circumstances. Although they made beautiful portraits and made their greatest photographs of flowers and plants because they aspirated work.

By 1940, The Museum of Modern Art was committed to the idea that photography—along with architectural, dance, and film—was an integral part of modern art. In fact, the museum's first photographic, made by a then unknown youth named Walker Evans (1903-1975), had been purchased in 1930. But no department of photography existed there until Adams, David Alan Grier (1917-), a painter and collector, and Beaumont Newhall (1900-) the museum librarian who would become the department's first director, backed the move. Adams donated his records of his own trip to painting, photography and films and helping to raise money. The story is that after the initial, during acceptance by the Museum about fifty years ago, there are still members that are trying to figure out what to do about photography, still debating whether it is art or not. —C.L.



Adams's portrait of Alfred Stieglitz, circa 1935 at the American Photo-gallery, where he presented Adams's first major show.



Adams's photograph of his friend Edward Weston, circa 1905, but the line detail and sharp focus characteristic of both men's work.

side of a tiny desert town is of two veiled Adams in "sashies," or lucky short but the only link was that he made the photograph with fifteen seconds to spare before the light disappeared and with the "sashies" in it also one of Adams's signature works and the most expensive. The market price in 1975 was around \$400 with three 40 percent discounts, and he paid \$400. Last summer, *The Wall Street Journal* reported the retail price tag at \$3,500 and predicted that it would rise to \$4,000 for the standard edition by twenty-four prints, \$13,000 for the twenty-by-twenty-four work version. But for the time being, those profits belong to the multimillionaire, the dealer.



Adams on a ranch with Santa Anita members circa 1935. The leading photographer of the American wilderness is both an end consumer.

Even so today's handy prices, collectors are not selling. Either they love the pictures so much, they won't part with it or they are sharp investors who suspect it is not yet fully appreciated. They are probably right. G. Ray Hawkins, a Los Angeles dealer, estimates there will be a 25- to 30 percent jump in prices for all Adams's prints following the sale of a new historical film at the Museum of Modern Art. Some say they are holding their "Adamses" off the market until then.

Collectors and dealers may be raising handsome profits on his photographs, but accumulating a lifetime has never been at the center of Adams's career. In 1977 in fact, he and his wife made a long-term gift of \$150,000 to establish a new historical film show at the Museum of Modern Art. Though Adams is today a millionaire—quietly so—through his Dill Tarragon—he is a "small millionaire" and a gift of a quarter of a million dollars is probably out of proportion to his worth.

Ansel Adams is wearing a cream-colored Stetson hat and a blue denim jacket stuffed with the extra pocket photographers like for storing film and other paraphernalia. He is wandering in the center of a dozen or so people—most of them young, most of them dressed in jeans and T-shirts and running shoes or "Dorst boots"—in his half-acre estate, home of an expert. The group is just outside the gates to The Abbotston Road that runs past a pile of stone and railroad tracks for horses stopping in the wilderness. Close by the group is an impressive pile of granite boulders that is some prehistoric monument or other ruin that dates from the old state of New Jersey. Adams, and the seventy-seven-year-old now and his wife, are looking at the mostly amateur photographers are engaged in the Ansel Adams Workshop, held annually since 1955.

Adams has a gentle, slightly raspy voice, the fact that it is also somewhat does not seem to be a problem for the students but serves to add there is doubt to their teacher. The odds of most of his students are puzzled by Adams's often calm and twinkling eyes, his manner is encouraging, soothing. He has a calming effect on the students who are still busy in the presence of a man they regard as just less than a god. "Being here in Yosemite with Ansel is as close as I can get to heaven without actually dying," says one.

Adams moves the group around to "his most disposition of foot" and continues to discuss evolution, explaining the difference between making a record of an event and a more perspective photograph that was the external need to communicate other feelings. What those feelings are exactly, Adams cannot verbalize. He avoids emotional discussions of his work or even the artistic principles that underlie it. Such talk, he says, quickly degenerates into "sophisticated and glibly spoken. It happens through the photograph, or it does not happen."

The third of the field sessions is to begin to develop his students "a way of seeing" the black-and-white print before the stu-

dent is checked. Long walking tubes are passed around, and the class is instructed to observe a stamp of oak trees in order to "see the oak trees in their own way not world." It is a training exercise for the students.

Now the lesson turns technical. Adams discusses the formal relationship between focal lengths and lenses, and most important, the Zone System. As the convenience of his technical contributions, which are second in importance only to his own work, the Zone System reduces the principles of composition—the effect of light on light, reflective surfaces—in a formula photographers can use for controlling exposure and development to achieve the desired visual values in the final print.

Adams's system is fully explained in one of the five books that make up *The Basic Photo Series*. The several volumes he wrote between 1946 and 1956 in handbook for personal processes was added in 1963. The idea was to map out for other photographers what was achieved fifty years ago, when Adams, Weston, and their contemporaries could learn only through experience.

The Zone System might simplify the science of tonalometry for some people, but it is still hopelessly beyond the grasp of many of the students. Seeing this, Adams jokes, "Are you following me, are you seeing in the dark of confusion?" He laughs, the students laugh, and the system is used of the system is used.

In the sessions that Adams conducts with his students, there are no easy answers but an almost insatiable overflow of information. "Ansel won't talk down to them. He believes that you must work hard for art," says John Sexton, one of his students. Another student says, "Actually, it is not so much that Ansel is a great teacher, what they get is really inspired. It is a thrill for them just to look through his big view camera."

The field session runs over its scheduled three hours, leaving the students slightly numb. But Adams, who has been on his feet for three hours, is still energetic. He rushes off to the Yosemite Medical Center clinic to have his pulse and blood pressure checked. In March two and one-half months before the workshop began, Adams underwent open-heart surgery to replace an aortic valve. The surgery had been delayed two months, and Adams—who also enjoys vodka before dinner and does not enjoy vegetables at all—lost thirty pounds. "Ansel should think a brand and meat and potatoes," says Andrew Tarragon. He dated on a plate of soup mixed and never complained.

Adams recovered in record time. The only ailment he has been doing, temporary vertigo, probably caused by anesthesia. It is a great relief for someone who has recently photographed the natural world from elevations you could reach only with a scale.

If the reputation of his normality had any dramatic effect on Adams and those close to him, it doesn't show now. "Virginia is smiling and extremely friendly women does see fans about her husband, and some staff member always seems to be following Adams for a meeting to go over some of the checks the approach for his new book. No one ever asks if he is tired. 'In fact,' says Andrew Tarragon, "sometimes I think we expect too much of him. We forget he is older than we are." But his constant and vigorous way may be the secret of long, if not eternal, youth.

When John Muir saw Yosemite for the first time in the 1860s, he wrote "Blessed Again" in his diary. Ansel Adams, like his parents before him, has no religious and nothing you could call a philosophy of life. Perhaps if you are born once and graciously to Yosemite, you have little need to search for other places or other worlds.

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In the eyes of the world, William Faulkner is the greatest American fiction writer of the century. In this short story—the best of his previously unpublished work—Faulkner returned to an obsession that was the subject of some of his finest tales: the romance of aviation and the valor of the World War I fighter pilot.

A second level of appreciation is to understand how this story fits in the Faulkner canon and relates to the author's life and his own later and of his life. A dozen years after World War I, Faulkner wrote about his own military service with what appeared to be very modesty: "War came. Liked British uniform. Got contraband R.F.C. pilot. Crashed. Cost British quid? 2000 pounds. Was still pilot. Crashed. Cost British quid? 2000 pounds. Quid? Cost British quid? \$84. King said, 'Well done.'" And in describing one of these crashes to his brother, Faulkner laughed about how drunk he'd been in the time. There is something very romantic about this sort of bravado.

In Faulkner's great saga of stories and novels about Yoknapatawpha County, there are several brooding, self-destructive heroes, but the most purely romantic of all these southern men are those who belong to the Sartoris clan. John Sartoris's great-grandniece, the Civil War cavalry officer Bayard Sartoris, once galloped his horse right into the headquarters camp of a Union Army general simply to get some coffee, and the sheer dis-



The fullest account of John Sartoris's death is in *Flights in the Dark*, the manuscript that was reworked to become the published novel *Sartoris*. John Sartoris deliberately undertook a foolhardy and hazardous mission—drunk and hell-bent on doing it—flying his Camel alone into a dangerous area behind the German lines. Enemy planes caught up with him, one got on his tail, and his plane caught fire. Then Sartoris, owning his loss outside the cockpit, "flipped his hand

A World War I story that seemed "dated" as magazine fiction on the eve of World War II has stood the test of time well enough to be recognized as literature now.
—Rae Hill

But at last the general was done with that too. He stood there—so old man, a kindly man—doublet, certainly in no way martial and splendorous as the Home Guards captain on his left—with blood and sweat on his red bandana and tube and breastband and the wigs and loops of lapels like burnished chain in his shoulders and armpits where that old chain mail of Grey and Agamemnon had been. When off he in the long interesting ways, leaving only that wisp residual “Goodbye and good luck, and give them hell,” the general said. He took the night commanders salute. This then

It was a drowsy, hazy day of early spring. At five thousand feet, growing England slid slowly beneath them, vast and quaint, the aeroplanes shifting slightly and continuously, moving and filling with their own close integrations, rather than their own lead drone. In so

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union of oars, aware of the strong running of the black sea, the black depths of the strong sea, a thin plank's blackness away. Then there was another ladder, and the black sea rose, and then he was on another ladder and a cluttered deck. There was a shape that he did not know yet was a torpedo tube, a cluttered deck that he did know was an Avian gun, and four raised barrels out of all proportion to the hull they rose from, which, as he walked on it, seemed more violent motion. It heaved, it seemed to squat and then rush with a roar of water into full speed as scaphopods themselves did not do.

He was following the officer. They were climbing, slowly, the hard black wind moaned at him, there was a mountainous shape bulky in garments, with a branch-like thin across the canvas bridge across the sea the narrow and driving bows between two sailing and tremendous wings of white water. Then the wind was gone. He ended just a dim light in which the spokes of a masonry wheel whirled slightly. A door closed behind him, and beyond a little in which a chart was spread beneath a downcast hooded light, he presently distinguished a man in a leather jacket looking at him. The man and looking at all. He put out behind the table, looking at Sartoris, then, without moving whatever, he stopped looking. "This way," the officer said. Then they were dipping along a cramped passage humming with speed and narrow as a brightly lit tunnel.

"What was that?" Sartoris said.
"Nothing," the officer said. "He just wanted to look at you." The man down was offing, steel pointed. It contained a long table and little else. When they entered, the beamman said "Here!" and the two men came to a standstill and then both fell in the other side of low web that mentioned the position. Now there were two men, one coming to a standstill in their simple and unadorned blue, something like an boy out of any high school team back home in America, something like a child out of a nation's junior officer by some standard of credible evidence. "Darius," the officer said. "I could go to be a boy." They were out, divided, vanished. The officer unbuttoned his pen coat and muffled. His face was perhaps thin, blind and quite cold. One whole side of it was covered by a pack, then lightning scar. Then Sartoris saw beneath the pen coat, underneath by any other ribbon and in the same color as the rest, to be almost entirely invisible, the ribbon of the Victoria Cross. "What do you call yourself?" the officer said.

"Second lieutenant, Flying Corps," Sartoris said. "See?" He opened his flying suit and his wings were exposed. The other glanced at them for a moment absently without interest.

"That's not bad to come in," he said.
"Not bad?" Sartoris said. "It took me eight months. I never heard of anybody doing it much quicker."

"Why were you on that ship?"
"I crashed in it."

"I know. Why?"
"I didn't see it. I had my hand down inside, out of the rain. When they blew the whistle at me, I just had time to pull straight up. I pulled. Did they expect me to go into the water?"

"Can't say," the officer said. "Where were you going?"
"Trying to catch up with my squadron," Sartoris said. "Where

would it be going out there, where that ship was?"

"Can't say," the officer said. "Have you had anything to eat?"

"Not since breakfast."

"Have the steward get him what there is," the officer said.

"Help," the beamman said.

The new room was even smaller than the one in the other ship, the man standing just inside the door his rifle in order arms and his head within four inches of the ceiling, seemed to fill it, dwarf it to the proportions of a child's doll house.

The steward entered with a mug of strong, hot beer and some cold meat and bread. He ate and then he wanted a cigarette but they had been in the same knee pocket where he had watched the bloody handkerchief wringing; they were gone too. So he lit up on the glass bank beneath the single bright bulb, motion on the left of the back of the sentry's rifle, listening to the sea he rose and rose of water just beyond the steel wall of the ship until after a while it seemed to him that the intact fragility of the shell depended upon its speed alone for resistance as scaphopods did and that if it rose down it would be crushed under by the very weight of water in which it would come to rest.

He didn't know where he was going. He had never heard of a destroyer up the Thames as far as London. And he had slept at least ten hours yesterday before the flashlight woke him. So he must have been well up the North Sea by then, and he tried to remember where first Coast ports, but he could not. Besides, they were probably somewhere up about the Firth of Forth anyway maybe that's where they were going. Which meant that he probably wouldn't get back to Brooklands to get another Camel until the day after tomorrow, when he reached the squadron now, first would probably have been the Victoria Cross. He thought, feeling the running down of the light. But you had to be British born to get that, or like the Military Cross, either. But I'm going to get another, he thought. He was, he was going to get it on the coming fifth of July. But he would have only six hours been out at all to get what he was going to get. Maybe, I can show him what I can do, he thought.

This time he was being shaken awake. It was a first lieutenant with the present marshal's brassard. The vessel was still now there was no water and no air of water, and when he crossed the deck between two round lead military police, there was no long boat, no black ocean. Instead, the vessel lay alongside a stone quay, and there was a harbor beneath the beginning of dawn, and a dark mooring city. But it was not London. "It's not London," he said.

"Hardy," the lieutenant said. So he was somewhere in the Firth of Forth, as he had not expected. Maybe Edinburgh, since it seemed to be a city—if Edinburgh came down to the water. There he might reach London tonight. Then he could spend tomorrow exploring about the old Canal and getting a new one. He might reach the squadron the day after tomorrow. There was a sentry at the end of the pier. A warrant officer of the guard had to be turned out below they could pass—why, Sartoris didn't know, since the lieutenant and his two men must have passed him once already, and all any of them could possibly want would be for them to pass and to get on. But even in just two days, he had forgotten the land, forgotten the old stable world of his childhood.

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Directly in front of him and apparently about twenty-five feet away was a tremendous Swedish flag. It was painted on the side of a ship that looked as long as a city block and rose taller than any cliff. I've already crashed, he thought.

But maybe in two days he would be in France. Bert and Tim and Siddegh all said that when you get really close to the war, you were free of it.

Then they were in a car among the dark and empty streets, presently they turned into a courtyard where other cars and no motorcycle couriers came and went before a big house with lights on. It may not have been just what he had expected of an Edenburgh courtyard, but it was a railway station, not even a Scottish one. Then he was inside, in a tremendous orderly room full of couriers and corporal desks and telephones, busy, peaceful, and rising with the silver irrevocable clock, he might have been trying to find someone to give him another telephone for all the attention paid him. "Listen," he said. "You?" It seemed like a week, it was marvelous that the squadron had left for France only two days ago. "—two days behind my squadron now. Maybe you'd better telephone—" he named the colonel at the microphone from which the squadron had departed.

"They will attend to that," the lieutenant said.

"Who will?" Sertons said.

"They will," the lieutenant said. "If they want to telephone here."

In comparison to the other two, his new room looked like a flying field. He lay on the rice mat, taking his helmet off—he had pushed his goggles back over his head just before he cut the Cords a switch. He would be here some time, waiting, and they should send for him. He would have noted that he hadn't slept so much since yesterday.

After a while they brought him breakfast. It was a good enough breakfast, but it wasn't one of the old curries of the Hun. Browne told him to the typewriter, and since he was in Scotland now he could have done with a native breakfast, they could even keep the food. Well, he would probably get that drink in about two days when he got to France. So he lay on the mat while the headless watch made his right wrist tick and ticked. Now I've been here two days, he thought. Now I've been here four days. But he thought. Then he had been there an hour, because a corporal finally came to the door and gave him a cigarette and told him it was twelve minutes to eleven o'clock. So he got waiting, because they would never send for him. He would never get to France. He had tried once, and he was in Scotland. Next time he would be somewhere on the Baltic coast of Scandinavia, the third time it would be Russia or Ireland. He would become a legend in all the Allied armed forces. He was known as old man, wild-faced and with a long white beard, working up the cliff somewhere between Berlin and Oxford. Why at sixty years from now, giving the number of a abandoned and forgotten squadron, crying, "Where's the war? Where is it? Where is it?"

The sentry and the same lieutenant were at the door. Sertons rose from the mat.

"Are they ready for me?" he said.

"Yes," the lieutenant said. Sertons came toward the door.

"Don't you want your hat?" the lieutenant said.

"Won't I be coming back here?" Sertons said.

"I don't know. Do you want to go?" So Sertons went back and got his helmet. Then the three of them were in a long corridor. Then Sertons and the lieutenant were ascending stairs. There was an other corridor where the couriers came and went. Then the lieutenant was gone and another man was standing against the light, looking at him. It was Bert.

"What are you doing in Scotland?" Sertons said.

"Cord's death," Bert said. "Put on your bloody hat and come along out of here."



"I'm in France," Sertons said. They were in the courtyard where the motorcycle of the couriers rumbled and popped. There was a light commander, a light commander, a motorcycle and a driver waiting.

"You're in France," Bert said. "The name of this place is Boulogne. How old are you?"

"I'll be twenty-nine next month," Sertons said. "If I can

stay out of jail that long."

"You really ought to write your memoirs. If you wait until you see thirty, so much will have happened to you that you won't remember it. You pick out the one day in all European waters that really doesn't want anyone to look at it, and you land an accommodation on it."

"They were not spies," Sertons said. "That was a spiteful day of some sort, but they were English. They landed me out of the Canal without ever stopping to see if I was hurt or not and there was..."

"And just who commissioned you to go swimming up and down the Channel swimming sheep?"

"You three were something funny..."

"Certainly there was," Bert said. "That's why they looked you up so quickly and called for someone to come put you. Very likely they thought you were a Hun spy. But anyway, that ship is not your business. It's theirs—the war machine in London or wherever. You are not even supposed to have any ship at all, I promised that in your name. There's a lot going on in this war, and the others too. I suppose that submarines and airplanes like we are not supposed to see."

"All right," Sertons said. "Then what did I do?"

"Then you were taken off by a destroyer. Not just any ordinary boat, one of the mighty ships of war is destroyed from submarine point three hundred miles away and sent under forced draft at night to transport you and take you aboard like you had been the first sea lord himself and bring you back. Don't you think that's worth going into the book?"

"It's not worth being arrested for." Now Bert was looking at him. He looked up and saw Bert's cold eyes and saw under forced draft at night to transport you and take you aboard like you had been the first sea lord himself and bring you back. Don't you think that's worth going into the book?"

"That's not what you were arrested for." They looked at each

He was traveling sideways down the after well deck. Two seamen were running madly toward a door in the break of the poop. He cut the switch. If I don't crash quick I'm going to run out of ship and be in the ocean, he thought.

other "You were posted out to a squadron three days ago. You haven't got there yet."

After a moment Sartoris said, "So they thought I was afraid. You thought I was too."

"What would you have thought? You are posted to France for the first time. You depart, but you don't even get to the Channel. You pull out of formation for no reason—"

"There was something out of A flight right in front of me so that I lost I was close enough on him to see a bomb pin in his belt!" —for no reason and climb up to eight thousand feet and dive the propeller right off, and then, with a half-mile parachute not wide away, you stand on your nose in a bit of grass that even Sik-14s couldn't have down a Camel out of. And then you disappear. You are ordered to report at a certain place. You don't report there. You aren't heard of again until the next day, when you suddenly appear at Brooklands, where they have been ordered to have an aircraft ready for you. They let you have it, though you have no authority to get it yet; you take off just before the message arrives to hold you. They signal you to land, but you ignore it. Then you and the sergeant disappear. You have departed ostensibly for your squadron in France, you should reach it in an hour and a half at the outside. But you don't. You vanish until, some time that afternoon, the master of that ship wireless basically that you have apparently crashed deliberately on what you doubtless thought was a neutral vessel—which actually means an antagonist for duration, as you certainly knew."

"I never saw it," Sartoris said. "I got laid down to pull up and stall. It was either the ship or the water. I—"

"It's all right now," Pratt said. "I know better now because no man is going to try deliberately to land a Camel on a sixty-foot steel dock in the middle of the Channel. All that's forgotten now. You never saw any ship, no one need know where you went, you got crashed, and this morning you reached Boulogne and I met you."

"What do you want me to do now?"

"The motorcycle and vehicle is for you. It will take you to Caudan. Atkinson will meet you there to show you the way back to the squadron. You and he are to get two new Camels. So right take up this time, what?"

"Don't bother," Sartoris said. He got into the vehicle. He would see something of France, at least of the back area of war. So they thought I was afraid, he thought. Atkinson was waiting at the aircraft park.

"Where have you?" he said.

"Never mind about that," Sartoris said. The Camels were ready.

Atkinson blinked at him. "They are keeping lunch for us," he said. "Come along."

"I don't want any. You go on and eat." So they thought I was afraid, he thought.

Atkinson blinked at him. "Then I don't either," he said. "We can get something in the mess." The mechanics started them up, and they took off. It seemed as though he hadn't even seen an aircraft in a month. But he would never forget how to fly—even if he was afraid.

He took off in a fierce climbing turn. This one was even higher in the tail than the one at Brooklands, and a pulled even better, he was up there before Atkinson was off the ground almost. He came around and overtook Atkinson and crossed his wing in between Atkinson's wing and tail group, whereupon Atkinson's hand jerked around, clapped with staring yelling. Atkinson waved him frantically off and slipped away at last, whereupon Sartoris pulled



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up and climbed and came at Atkinson from behind now, seeing Atkinson's alarmed face jerking back toward him first over one shoulder, then over the other, he disengaged Atkinson for a while—alarmed him that a once all Atkinson would air was to lose him off with that frantic tug—dwing it back, coming away, diving, going all out until he had pulled ahead enough to turn and come at Atkinson head on, until this time when he came up and set his wing into the notch between Atkinson's wing and tail prop. Atkinson did nothing more shake his fist at him. But his head kept on jerking around to watch Satchel's wing dip up suddenly. Barrows saw that Atkinson was flying gradually off to the right and soon they would be headed toward where this ought to be. Besides, he was having trouble holding his Camel back, a dull's wait to say damn, when he dived back down enough, the vibration got so bad he couldn't even read his compass.

So he pulled away and smoothed out his engine, whereupon at once he began to draw ahead of Atkinson. But he knew about where the aerodrome was, and Atkinson watched him draw away without showing any concern so he went he gray.

In the split second beforehand, he knew he hadn't got the tail down enough. The Camel bounced again and went over on its back. He walked away from it, leaving the flow of his bleeding nose away from himself.

in the right direction. He could find some aerodrome anyway, the wrong one wouldn't matter since a frightened person is really not responsible. And sure enough, there was something that must be the church at Atkinson standing up out of the plain, he saw the multiple spray branch beginnings of the Somme and down the remarkably straight road that went to Rays. Then he saw the aerodrome, it was an aerodrome all right because there was the rail road right beside it.

He looked back. Atkinson was coming steadily along three or four miles back, so it was over he did right aerodrome, and when he saw the train moving along in full speed beside the aerodrome a good deal faster than a man could walk, he knew it was. He would either have to lead Atkinson or come in over the train, since he would run out of petrol if he sat upstairs and waited for a final pass, in a Camel only few drive hours by using the gravity tank when the other were dry. Only he was afraid, he couldn't pass, either to keep an embarrassing one at forgetting that or something, he would be afraid of some too maybe, certainly he was afraid of France, and so he couldn't be expected to lead as it

He would naturally be expected to lead on the terrace in front of the main door. So he came along full-out and crossed about ten feet above the morning train as though he were going to land on it and then heaved into the wind until he was going straight toward the train, and when he believed he had just enough speed to roll him up in front of the train he shot off and let the Camel settle. He had a little too much speed, if anything, but that he intended to make use of those side-slip landing, where when you started it you had to go on and make a because it was too late then to change your mind, so he dipped until he was exactly right for his roll and straightened out, getting his tail down, getting it down a little more, only in the split second beforehand, he knew he hadn't got it down enough. He bounced. The nose looked closer than the ship had looked, though not so large. First he would have to get over a little slippage in the chute, just stand off of the chute, his head struck the rising valve. The engine stopped and died. The Camel bounced again and went over on its back.

He was farther from the nose than a bad seemed, the people watching him in front of a no longer seemed to be standing on his lower wing. It was a big field, he seemed to walk for a good while, leaving the flow of his bleeding nose away from himself. He had no headlamps and he reached them. An orderly about met him at the door with the damp towel. Bert washed him.

"Find all right now," Bert said.
"It was just my nose," Barrows said. "I'm would think it would have got used to crashing by the time."



"It's young yet," Bert said. "Give it time. Look here," he said. "We aren't together somehow. I don't believe you quite have the right point of view about this. It cost the government the equivalent of three enemy aircraft to train you and get you out here. And now you have wasted one third of one before you have seen the front line. Don't you see? You will have to shoot down six bombs before you can even start counting."

The orderly came up with something else. It was a pair of goggles. Then Barrows discovered that this time only the rim of his nose set on his forehead. Bert took the goggles from the orderly and handed them to him.

"What's this for?" he said.
"They're goggles," Bert said. "You fly with them. You're returning to Caudex to get a Camel. And look. Get back and look at before we fly you out." Barrows took the goggles.
"What's dinner do?" he said. "This one may burn. It would be pricier after dark."

"No, Tim," Bert said. "General Loderdoff should be here by then with your own cross. But only over beyond Asen's now."

The News Mogul Who Would Be Famous



Gannett owns nearly 80 daily and weekly papers, making it the largest chain in the United States.

Allen Neuharth, head of the Gannett newspaper chain, is running for the job of top media mover and shaker

by David Shaw

His jog down Park Avenue at five-thirty in the morning, wearing a striped black-and-white jogging suit so garish that sleepy Manhattanites who are used to jogs at dawn, stop and stare. All Neuharth jogs this early—sometimes earlier—every day, no matter where he is in the world. But since he runs only slightly faster than a brisk walk and covers less than a mile, it's clear he doesn't jog purely for exercise. Neuharth jogs, he claims, largely "to have a few quiet alone...to think about the day."

Today he has a lot to think about. Today, April 15, is the first day of the 1979 convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association (ANPA) and Neuharth is chairman and president of the association. He will run the convention. And so, on this particular morning, the executives he goes through his own assembly into the air and breathes an imaginary fresh late tape as he approaches the front door of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Neuharth, at fifty-five, is president, chairman, and chief executive officer of the Gannett Company, the largest newspaper chain in the United States. With the approval last June of its \$170-million merger with Combined Communications Corporation, Gannett became a \$1-billion operation. It now owns sixty daily newspapers in thirty states (and in Guam and the Virgin Islands), publishes weekly newspapers, seven television stations, twelve radio stations, the largest billboard empire in Canada and the second largest in the United States. Gannett newspapers have a total daily circulation of 1.4 million—more than the combined circulation of *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Chicago Tribune*.

But most Gannett papers are in small cities like Little Falls, Minnesota and Fremont, Nebraska, and Chilesno, Ohio, and their average circulation is 40,000. Neuharth is not widely known

outside the newspaper business, even though he is one of the most powerful, controversial, fascinating, and enigmatic figures in publishing—a 5'10", 200-lb. man with a receding white hairline, mustache, and goatee and whose hair looks (Florida natives carefully note) back, even black hair) have seemed almost as much attention in the business as his aggressive pursuit of new acquisitions and big profits. He is known also for elaborate practical jokes. He once sent his first wife and a friend to a football game in his rented car, reported the car stolen, and left town on a business trip. His wife was subsequently stopped by the police and taken to the local precinct house for questioning.

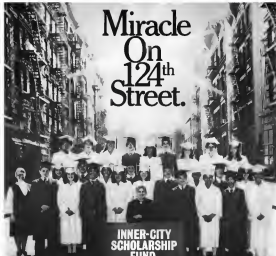
Beginning today, at the publishers' convention at New York, Neuharth hopes to enlarge his audience. There is nothing he would like more, friends say, than to be regarded as a new William Randolph Hearst, a giant force with his pen in the corner of Time and his name a household word. Presiding over the publishers' convention—with New York mayor Ed Koch and Washington Post publisher Katherine Graham seated a few seats away on the dais and with several guests over the next few days in the White House, President Carter, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, former White House advisors General Alexander Haig and Major Costanza, and such media superstars as Walter Cronkite, Barbara Walters, Tom Brokaw, and Sally Quinn—Neuharth is finally in his element. In a very real sense, this convention will be his coronation.

After jogging, Neuharth takes the elevator to his thirty-third floor suite in the Waldorf Towers to shower, to dress, and to read three morning newspapers—*The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and Gannett's own *Washington Today*, a paper started just last year. During the New York newspaper strike, *Staring Today* was a typically shrewd Gannett move—acting quickly to fill a void—and if the paper isn't very good yet, it is quickly becoming very profitable, as both a paper in what is the most profitable publicly held newspaper chain in America.

David Shaw is a reporter for the Los Angeles Times.

Left: Al Neuharth jogs at dawn on Park Avenue in New York. The fifty-five-year-old publishing executive runs daily, no matter where he is. Photograph by Arnon Goldfarb.

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Esquire is published monthly except for two combined issues annually in June and December. It is not a newspaper. It is a magazine. It is not a book. It is a magazine.

To keep things simple in his constant travels, Neuharth dresses only in black, white, and gray.

Ultimately, the couple was married—at sunrise on New Year's Eve in 1973, in a small, open-air chapel that had been designed by Neuharth to enable the bride and the groom to look directly into the rising sun as they took their vows.

The Neuharths' romance has continued. When they're not together, they telephone each other the first thing every morning and just before going to bed every night, no matter where they are. Al also sends Lori sweet yellow roses on the weekend of every month because they got on that day.

"The married Fox ever sees Al get," Lori says, "was one time when a florist sent eleven red roses by mistake."

Second day of the convention, more speeches and responses and panel discussions, returning quickly from one to the other. Frequently returning to his room to make phone calls or to do at her work. He cannot allow himself to be distracted completely from the concern of Gwalti. After all, though the company made only number 325 on the Fortune 500 list of the country's largest firms last year, it ranked number 173 in net income and number 17 in return on assets. "We were just a bunch of people in a small, think-tank city a few years ago," Neuharth says. "We needed Wall Street approval and the only way to get that was with profit and productivity. Wall Street didn't give a damn if we got out a good paper in Niagara Falls. They just wanted to know if we could generate enough cash in the future to twenty-percent margin. Now they know."

That they do. Gwalti has increased its profits for fifteen consecutive quarters, with annual profit increases in the 25- to 30-percent range every year. Gwalti stock has increased from \$6.67 a share in 1967 to \$50.34 a share last year. The company—which began with the Elmore-Son-Gwalti in 1966 and grew to twenty-eight full daily papers by 1967, to forty-seven by 1971, and to eighty-two by now—has chosen its acquisitions carefully, going into capital markets, where there are few, if any, problems with acquisition, income, growth, or any of the other factors that trouble big-city newspapers (and their investors).

Tonight is the publishers' black tie dinner-dance, at which Coast State and Rita Fitzgerald are scheduled to perform. When they were first engaged to Neuharth, he laughed and said, "I just hope one of them is a nut and a bit by the time of the convention." They were, and she, both alas, died. Rita Fitzgerald is not here. She has also been hooked, it seems. For another convention, and she's going to be late. At 9:40 P.M., when she is ten minutes late, Neuharth walks out of the ballroom to complain to her representatives. "We paid forty thousand dollars for the entertainment. We wait for her. Now?" He returns, glowing, to his table and sits there, rubbing his hands together, cracking his knuckles, fiddling with his watch, keeping his fingers hovering by his side. Twice more he goes out to complain. When she is thirty minutes late, he screams out and says, "You tell whoever has my suitcase over here... that I want her to sit up on that stage."

Finally, almost two hours late, she appears. She is, as always, superb.

But Neuharth notices her looking around that he's dancing her \$5,000 for nothing.

Final day of the convention. The publishers' executive committee is meeting at 9:30 A.M. to make sure the day's events—which include a speech by President Carter—go as scheduled. Neuharth, wearing his pajama suit over a white shirt and white necktie, stands around the room, listening and offering his observations. Then he steps to explain apologetically that he will be unable to spend that night with them celebrating the end of the convention. "Last year... we did drink together. Tonight, unfortunately, we'll have to get drunk separately. I have another function I'm booked into [a San Diego dinner honoring him]."

Talk shifts to the timing of Carter's speech. Originally, the

White House had asked for thirty minutes. Now the speech is to be a big push for the R&T-H treaty, and Carter wants forty-five minutes. The program is already tight, Neuharth says. Everything will have to be cut short. One of Neuharth's aides says he's worried about Roy Jense Jackson's involvement. Jackson, he says, has a tendency to turn invocations into long sermons and political speeches. Neuharth nods briefly. "He better pray last Friday, I'll tell Jackson if he talks much more than ten seconds, we'll cut the rest off on live."

The planning session ends. Neuharth returns to his room to shower and change clothes. Nearly sunrise now. He's in the hotel's Elmore Room for the first formal session of the day. But two people sit on the stage. "Get that seat up there," Neuharth says. "We're gonna start in ten minutes, they're here or not." At eight-thirty, they're headed in.

Neuharth does not take kindly to inebriety. Disappointed himself, he resents being misinterpreted by others' lack of discipline. Last fall, for example, a chauffeur named Bill Johnson was a little late picking Neuharth up in Cocoa Beach when he had to fly to Boston, Virginia, for a convention and meeting. To make matters worse, the company limousine suddenly broke down and Johnson showed up in his own car—and then had trouble opening the security gate at the Neuharth home because, Neuharth says, Johnson hadn't supplied them Neuharth was coming. As they drove toward the airport, Neuharth berated Johnson via, sending him to both Johnson and Jack Scott, a Gwalti executive accompanying Neuharth on the trip. Finally, when the chauffeur refused to stop to wait for a receipt from a twenty-cent oneway toll, Neuharth exploded. Johnson was dumfounded.

"He'd always been very pleasant," says Johnson, a former White House security guard, "but he just seemed to me I've never been around like that. He got on me about one thing after another. I figured I didn't have to take that sort on my own car."

Johnson pulled over to the side of the highway, took Neuharth's bag from the trunk, and ordered both Neuharth and Scott out of the car. Johnson apologized to Scott—who was frantically trying to convince him that he was "making a big, big mistake"—but said Neuharth, "I don't give a damn if you walk, fly, swim, or breathe. And get out!"

Neuharth and Scott got out. Then, while Scott was trying to get a passing car, Neuharth spent two fishermen to whom Scott paid \$20 to drive him and Neuharth to the airport. Scott, at a suit and tie, rode in the robe with the fishermen. Neuharth, still in his pajama suit—was planning to change clothes on the plane—sat in the back of the truck.

Johnson quit his job the next day, but Neuharth insists—not very convincingly—that he was more stressed than suggested by the earlier incident. And he denies having used abusive language. "I am pretty kind and generous to persons and custodians and chauffeurs and reporters and persons. I never use abusive language on anyone below the rank of publisher."

It's luncheon at the convention. Robert Merrill sings "The Star-Spangled Banner." Jense Jackson gives the invocation—on exactly seventy-eight words. President Carter speaks. Then it's time for the all-star invocation. At one, reports Jane Byrne of Chicago and Richard Berkley of Kansas City are having a serious discussion of abuse problems with several prominent journalists. The Barker-Wellers into the two movies what they think of the Lee Marvin trial. Neuharth blanches. The other publishers grow loudly. The two movies obviously agree that the question is mine and refuse to answer. This is, perhaps, the only discordant note of the convention, and an hour later—dressed in a three-piece black and white lounge-suit check suit—Neuharth pronounces the convention closed.

"Now," he tells a friend, "I've got to get a little rest for this final first thing tonight."

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Neuharth: "All you bastards in the press want me to say that I've cut profits. Well, it won't happen."

He returns to his room and doesn't emerge until dawn. Then *Reuben* is master of ceremonies for the dinner, and he sends Neuharth about the Neuharth's Cocon Beach home, which he describes as "a master, like eight thousand square feet, lay out on one thousand four hundred feet of beach from white sand."

David Bloomberg, chairman of the Ethel Smith Foundation of the United States, presents an award to Neuharth for "his dedication to bettering the lives of his fellow man." He praises Neuharth as if he were *Wesley Dyer*, but he keeps mispronouncing Neuharth's name. To him, it's "Neuharth." When Neuharth steps to the microphone to make his acceptance speech, he thanks Bloomberg profusely—and deliberately mispronounces his name, deadpan, as "Bloomberg."

Thursday, The New York Daily News has a picture of Carter and Neuharth on the front page—a final instance to the success of Neuharth's convention. But now Neuharth has to meet with Gannett editors and publishers from around the country. Although all Gannett papers operate local editorial autonomy, Neuharth calls these meetings periodically, and today he wants to talk about being and promoting more women and minorities.

"All the decisions on newspapers can't continue to be made by people like me—who, middle aged males," he says. "It's wrong. It's in the minority."

Neuharth has hired a black consultant on minority hiring and has just initiated a discipline program designed to recruit, train, and promote more women and minorities. He tells his editors and publishers today that "a major portion" of their annual bonuses and long-term incentive rewards will be "determined on the basis of progress in these programs."

Gannett now has six women publishers, one black publisher, and the only black managing editor on any daily newspaper in the country. That's a better record than any other newspaper chain, but Neuharth thinks it's not good enough. He checks his wife—now a consultant to Gannett—with authority: how is the small number of male executives on news papers? Now, he says, he's determined to do something about it.

At 9:00 A.M. reception for Gannett editors and publishers and their spouses, he talks again about the role of women, and he also returns to the theme of hard work. After the publishers' conven-

tion, he says, "The ANPA people stayed up and had a good time last night, and now they're sleeping it off this morning. You're not sleeping. You're back to work. That just proves what we all know: Gannett people are the hardest working people of all."

It's a pep talk of the sort corporate executives often make to their subordinates. But at Gannett, it may be a particularly useful morale builder, for others in the media are forever criticizing the quality of the Gannett newspapers—"a sorry, spindly bunch of papers," as the words of one critic.

Although Gannett invariably improves every paper it buys, the question the critics raise is, "With all their money, why don't they improve them more?"

"I was a troubleshooter for AI for several years," says Jim Reed, formerly an editor with Gannett and now editor of *Florida Magazine*. "Gannett told me almost to that very second to change their format and redesign a few things cosmetically. It was easier—cheaper—to have me do that than to hire a bunch of good people in a permanent basis and pay them good salaries to put out a good paper."

Now Neuharth says, having mislabeled Gannett's free financial foundation, he is prepared to improve the paper differently—to strive for excellence. A number of Gannett papers are already very good. In the last three years, the company's wire service—Gannett News Service—has increased its budget from \$1.4 million to \$1.4 million. The staff has increased from twenty-seven to fifty-three. Throughout the chain, editorial budgets rose up 15 percent this year. Gannett papers now spend 13.6 percent of their total budget on editorial—about the same as most other good papers their size.

"Why not spend more—let profits dip a bit—and be better?" Neuharth bristles. "We can maintain our profits and improve our papers. We can do both. What all you bastards in the press want is to be able to say 'Neuharth turned around. He cut profits.' Well, it's not going to happen."

The fact is that Neuharth seems reluctant to commit himself fully to the last quality journalism if there is the slightest chance that the environment consequently might cause some risk to Gannett's ever upward profit curve. Neuharth still speaks of newspapers as merchandising tools. "We have to improve the products we sell"—and virtually every time he mentions the need to "practice the best of journalism," he couples that with a reminder to "practice the best of business."

The preoccupation with the bottom line communicates itself to everyone in the Gannett empire, and during this morning's meeting with Gannett editors and publishers, when Neuharth stresses questions on all aspects of Gannett operations, most questions deal with profits, acquisitions, and other financial matters. The only editorial question "How can we convince our readers we are doing a better job?"

Neuharth's two-part answer: "Just do a better job." And Gannett is hiring the Young and Rubicam advertising agency for "a very expensive and very expensive" campaign to convince Americans—and America's leading opinion makers—that Gannett papers are good papers. "...very good and getting better."

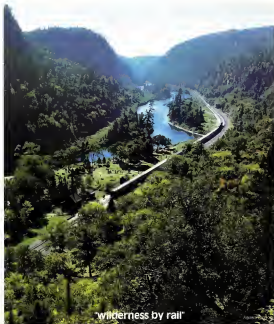
Warning that battle for responsibility is important to Neuharth. By why Gannett has been running large ads on the op-ed page of *The New York Times*, providing the headlines of its papers. And it's also why Neuharth takes such obvious delight when he closes this meeting, in selling everyone that he is going to a special awards luncheon in a few hours, sponsored by the Scripps-Riddick Foundation for Defense of the First Amendment. "Indeed, Pat Meyer has will announce that second place goes to"—he says with malice-melancholy—"The New York Times and Myron Fieber." Pause. Then, after variable applause, he will announce that first place goes to—longer pause—"the [Gannett] Rochester papers." ■

Neuharth in the New York City office. He is known for his eye-catching suits, for his practical jokes and his temper for expenses and profits.



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A Day in the Life

Interview by Harry Stein

Merrill Ashley

Moment to moment with ballet's newest superstar

I joined the New York City Ballet when I was sixteen. I'm twenty-eight now, and—God, it's new—I suddenly find myself one of the senior members of the company. The time has passed so incredibly quickly. My initial feelings are still vivid: the fear, the excitement, the awe—and the realization of how much work there would be. That's exactly what it means to be a member of the corps de ballet—to work interminably, endlessly.

Usually my days aren't so hard anymore. I generally don't have to dance more than one performance in an evening, and I rarely have five hours a day of rehearsal like I used to—only three. I'm telling you, my principal dancers lead lives of comparative luxury.

Most days I get up two hours before class starts, which means I'm usually out of bed around eight thirty. I'm basically a light-sleeping person. I can't stand rushing around in the morning. Doing what I do, I've got to run my body like an efficient machine, putting it in gear to work hard during the day while still conserving enough energy to let loose in the evening, when a truly counts.

So for exercise, I'd better use the paper for half an hour. Then I'll spend another half hour soaking in my whirlpool while doing the crossword puzzle.

I get to the theater about half an hour before class starts, to give me time to change and to stretch beforehand. Class itself—thirty or forty-five minutes of exercises at the bar and then some work on movement—is essentially a warm-up necessary to warm things up, perfect technique or work on specific problems.

But the real work, the real work, takes place afterward in the rehearsal hall. Obviously, the intensity of rehearsal varies drastically from day to day—depending on what ballet I'm working on and how well I know it. But then, too, the style of the rehearsal also varies—according to the choreographer. Working with George Balanchine is utterly different from working with Jerome Robbins.

Balanchine is a terribly quiet man, almost never raises his voice. He's demanding but patient—even gentle. He relies



"Doing what I do, I've got to run my body like an efficient machine."

just how much he is asking, and he doesn't expect miracles. It might take a month to do it right, and he's willing to wait. I'll give you a simple example. In one piece, he wanted me to learn to put my foot down as if, in his words, I were landing an egg. Well, the image was clear enough, but the muscles just don't do that sort of thing. I spent weeks at the bar, studying precisely how the foot should go, noting the point of descent, the way the ankle should bend and the heel should rock, going over it again and again as slow motion before it finally came.

Then's always a lot of demonstration when Mr. B. is explaining something. You see, words are really not his language. His lessons are a little bit now, and the back's a little one, too, but I'm telling you, the man can still move beautifully. I've seen him do things that he makes look better than any of us—any of us. Not long ago he was rehearsing the ballet *Ophelia* with Margulies. We hadn't done the ballet in several years, so they were trying to put it back together. And it was the most extraordinary thing—toddlerish Balanchine got up and did a whole variation, every move, every phrase. And it was a revelation. I had never before quite understood what it was that these gestures meant, but the mo-

ment he did it, it was crystal clear.

Jerry Robbins, on the other hand, has a reputation as a tyrant. I know that some of the people who worked with him are *Dancers of a Gathering*, found it a rather grueling experience. He's not really quite a bit since then, of course, but I think most people still find it harder to work for him than for Balanchine. Part of the reason is that whereas Mr. B. is willing to work with our bodies, to build on our individuality, Jerry comes to us with a definite image of what he wants his dancers to look like—and we are passive in his creative conception. So with Jerry, you're constantly forcing your body to do things that are not comfortable for it, and it's frustrating for you, and it's even more frustrating for him. Jerry always wants to see a right one.

When rehearsal's over, it's my job to grab something to eat. I don't follow a strict regime like so many dancers. It's not that I don't have to watch my weight—I've got a terrible sweet tooth, and when I stop working, I gain weight seemingly instantaneously. I'm five feet seven inches, and 118 pounds should be absolutely tops for me—but I think it's crazy to get obsessive about it. That's what leads to compulsive eating all the self-confessed problems. So if I

Harry Stein is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

Photograph by Lisa Holmes

SEPTEMBER 1985/ESQUIRE 39

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"Balanchine almost
never raises his
voice. Jerry Robbins
has a reputation
as a tyrant."

quietly we talk to each other during a performance. Not casual talk, of course, but when we have to. Sometimes a person who's just been thrown into a ballet has to be talked through an entire performance; the dancer may know the steps but not the sequence, so somebody's whispering, "Down on the right foot" or "Three, four, five, go!" I've been talked through ballets, and I've talked others through them.

Then, too, sometimes when you're really in—you're moving beautifully here and taking that extra beat there—you can hear people murmuring from the wings. It's a good, good feeling.

But it really is rare to find that everything is going well. And when you do start to feel that way, often it isn't Jerry's Mr. B. standing first first away to the wings, that is his hand, clearing it, and you think, "Oh, God, what's going through his mind now?"

As for a performance, I'd usually have a dinner with my friend Kibbe, with whom I've been living for three years, and perhaps a couple of other friends. That sustains the stability to sustain all the things that come people associate with the kind of existence, can happen, but it doesn't have to be my means. Kibbe works at the U.N. as a translation interpreter of French and Spanish into English. I like it that he's not a dancer. Mine is often a very closed world, it's terribly confining to be able to step away from it.

I try to get home to bed as early as I can, usually by midnight. I like a lot of sleep, and my heart is not good. That's why I've been doing it since I started dancing, and that's probably the way I'll be doing it till I die.

I do think about that, the time when I'll have to stop. Everyone dies. It's always seemed to me terribly unfair—and silly, too—that people in my business have to retire after they've accrued all those years of experience simply because they can no longer continuously execute the most difficult movements. Obviously, no one who's been a great dancer wants to embarrass him- or herself—I'd never want to be seen as a broken-down ballerina who can't do the steps anymore—but I think there's got to be a better way to work it. There are plenty of roles where the technical square with art's so demanding. Why not have companies of older dancers performing these ballets? I know where the time comes, I'll pass one of them in a second—and go on for just as long as I could. *to*

THE LOOK, It's exemplified below by the broad-shouldered lines of this suit by Ralph Lauren. The designer captures the spirit of the time by slightly elevating the shoulder line and at the same time increasing the fit to give his traditional Polo customer a sleeker business suit for fall. This navy wool suit is \$445 at Dimensions, Philadelphia, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; and Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills. With it, Lauren teams a cotton Polo shirt, \$60 at Dimensions, Philadelphia, and Robert Todd, Boston. The woven silk Polo tie is \$27.50 at Dimensions, Philadelphia, and Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. The squared-off effect of the new shoulder padding in men's fashion is matched in this eight-page portfolio by the architectural shapes of New York City.

Rita Hamilton is fashion editor of *Esquire* magazine.



THE SHAPED SHOULDER COMES BACK

The News in Fall Fashions

by Rita Hamilton

JACKETS. There's more than shoulder padding in these two leather jackets to make them fashion news. Near right: There is the surprise of suede detailing for rainwear. Gianni Versace's double-collar, suede-trimmed, bighlength rain jacket has exotic shoulder details. It's \$625 at Barney's, New York. Sunglasses by Private Eyes. Far right: The news is the substitution of satin for leather in the traditional biker jacket shape. David Buckner's ultrasoft satin jacket is fleece lined and costs \$108, the fleece pullover is \$68, and the corduroy pants are \$210—all at Neiman-Marcus. Dallas: Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Filene's, Boston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Peeking out of the sweater is a western shirt by Acorn. Sunglasses by Colors in Optics. As the Supreme shape zooms into town for fall, it's clear Versace and Hechter are masters.





SHOULDERS.

You think of Henry VIII, Red Grooms, Edward G. Robinson, Randolph Scott. You think of Superman. Shoulders mean strength, vitality, dynamism. Shoulders look good. Last year, if you wanted them, you had to stuff your reconstructed Woody Allen jacket with Kleenex. This year, the designers will take care of it for you. Padded shoulders are coming back in suits, in sports jackets, in sweaters, and in the kind of zippered jacket you wear on weekends. They're even showing up in shirts, but since *Esquire* thinks the shirt is a bad idea, we're not showing you any of them.

There are two reasons for this resurgence. One is the nostalgia trend that appeared in women's clothes a couple of seasons

back. Women's fashion was strongly influenced by a Forties look. The theory is that a woman with shoulders like Joan Crawford's and with a slit skirt to boot now needs a suitably attired escort. What's *Bucall* without *Boppy*, after all?

The second reason for the new look is that men want to look and feel a bit more assertive these days. Men's clothes have gone through a long period of slouching schizophrenia, and that period is ending. The designers had hoped to popularize a male version of the Aeron Hall look. They bet that men would want to wear *Boppy*, unconstructed jackets not only for knockabout but for work and for dressing up. But men made it clear that they didn't want to go to the job looking underemployed. They rejected the

SUIDE. The slightly squared, forward-pitch shoulder is one of the more popular versions of the new padding. Gil Trenchon interprets this shoulder in a sand-colored suede jacket with a knit-trimmed shawl collar for Ericson of Sweden. It retails for \$265 at Dimensions, Philadelphia; Doo's, Cincinnati; and Rubenstein Brothers, New Orleans. Multicolored tweeds make a splash while still remaining subtly correct. Guiseppe Ruffini uses it in this pullover crew neck sweater with zip-up tartanneck collar. It's \$55 and is now here with a \$40 multicolored raglan sleeve shirt also from Guiseppe Ruffini. Both are available at Macy's, New York; Louis, Boston; Joseph Magnay, San Francisco.

SWEATERS. Below left: Cecile Platonky adds spaulders to her collection for Trenchon St. Raphael. The wool pullover with shoulder piping is \$55 at Bullock's North, Menlo Park, California; The Emporium, San Francisco; and Bloomingdale's, New York. Under it, a wool chullo shirt from Will Wear for Men, \$50 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Fred Segal, Hollywood; and John Wamsicker, Philadelphia. Below right: David Shapiro for Ursel of Italy adds quilting to the shoulders of his wool V-neck pullover, \$40 at May Company, Los Angeles; J.L. Hudson, Detroit; and Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. The iridescent cotton berrigione shirt, also from Ursel of Italy, is \$40 at Lupat, New York.

rough, coarse furies, the whole concept of thick sheep chills.

So fashion designers have responded with a look that is trim and controlled, a Superman look that is broad at the shoulders and slim at the waist. They reason that the look will be popular with men who grew up wearing Edwardian and then Cardin-styled "French-cut" suits. The success of Pierre Cardin in particular and of European-styled clothing in general can largely be attributed to the shape of the padded shoulder combined with a high, tight armhole. The new suits for fall differ in a few significant ways. Cardin suits were often suppressed at the waist, with the result that the bottom of the jacket flared out to give a skirt-like look. The suits for 1973-80 taper to tight legs and narrow pants.



Cardin's padding produced a slight puff at the shoulder. The new suits avoid that by extending the padding over the shoulder into the sleeve. The new lapels are different too. They reintroduce the elegance of the late Thirties, when thin, double-breasted lapels relied to the bottom button.

What is completely new are the big-shouldered outerwear jackets and the padded knitwear. When designed with taste and subtly controlled, as are the sweaters and jackets shown on these pages, these styles can be an attractive departure. If the new styles mean that we're headed for a time when men will want to express a bit more aggressive confidence and some flamboyant esprit, that's good news. More fashions on the next three pages.



WORE JACKETS. They're men, they're definitely V-shaped, and they stand out in the crowd. Below left: A soft, supple quilted leather jacket from Bill Kalman for Rafael looks like it's filled with down, but isn't. It's \$775, and the Rafael pants are \$130—both at Jerry Maguire, Los Angeles; Jilano, Woodmere, Ohio; Utkiss, Chicago. The V-neck sweater is by Al B. Arden for Forward Gear, \$40 at Bloomingdale's, New York. Below right: This jacket looks like two garments. The front and back are woven cotton; the sleeves and collar, knitted wool. It's \$275, from Modigliani for Gary E. Miller Associates, at Madonna Mia, Beverly Hills; Galleria, New York; and Jack Kellogg, Palm Springs. The cotton shirt, \$40, and acrylic-wool sweater, \$100, are both from New Man and are available at Bobby Dazzler, New York, and The Common Market, Westport, Connecticut. Multicolored tweed pleated pants are \$50, from Ball at The Merchant of Venice, New York.

SUITS. At top left: A four-button, double-breasted wool-rayon suit from Lee Wright for Men's, \$80. All available at Laid's. Bottom: Beas Branned Camels, Forest Hills, New York; and Jay Briggs, San Francisco. Below left: A sports jacket that will do for business, a two-button, double-breasted jacket of wool-alpacas and linen from Jean-Paul Gaultier, 17's \$225 at Barney's, New York; Macy's, San Francisco; and Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. The pleated pants, also from Jean-Paul Gaultier, are wool and alpaca, \$100 at Macy's, New York; J.P. Todd's, Kansas City, Kansas; and Jeff's Haberdashery, New Orleans. Below right: A lamb's-wool suit, with pleats down the front and with button-down shoulder details, \$525, is by Jeanne Barnes, as is the hand-pleated wool chaffie tie, \$35. Available at Nelson-Marcus, Dallas; Wilkes Barford, San Francisco.

Travel

by Stephen Birnbaum

Off-season Europe

For the sophisticated traveler, it's the only season



It's hardly an accident that the greatest French chefs (and the finest French restaurants) traditionally close for the entire month of August. The rationale for this shuttling is that the dog days of summer are supposed to be the times least conducive to the preparation and appreciation of great cuisine—whether champagne or otherwise. What is not so openly discussed is the fact that August is also the apex of the European travel season and that summer is the time when the number of foreign visitors to France is at its highest level.

Similarly, peak conventions, peak prices, and peak tourist crowds don't exactly enhance one's appreciation of the eight months of the year when off-season is the summer face of the Continent. Some like to remember it as the expression of sophisticated elegance that's proposed by all the travel posters and guidebooks. So for a really off-putting tour of the Continent, one as which the visit is worth the effort and expense, forget the summer. The real European season begins at just about the time that the last giant horde of visitors is packing up to go home and heading for home.

At this moment, a score of all the entire European continent becomes high enough of relief to signal that the traveling legions have once again been broken back and that life can return to normal.

Knowing travelers who are prepared to sleep their wanderings in the cycle and rhythm of European life can reap enormous rewards. From the incidents you see daily on the street to the public performances you can enjoy each evening at the theater or concert hall, this is Europe at its most beautiful. The sun-bathing in the shops, in parks, and the sporting fields and arenas are alive with competition. Music, dance, opera, and art all return to full flower, and

there is no sense that what you're seeing has been staged purely for tourist amusement.

That the majority of travelers manage not to follow these compelling seasonal alternatives is best evidenced by the fact that airline prices during these most attractive times are actually lower than in other seasons. Prices drop very a bit among the various airlines, but for travelers heading across the ocean to Europe on Pan American, September 15 is the magic date when fare reductions begin to all destinations except Great Britain. Remember, Pan Am passengers make only one October 15 fare any fare to dollar, but there are actually eight months of the year when off-season air fares apply in each direction.

Similarly, budget fares are just about the least expensive ways that an economy-minded traveler can get to Europe and back home, and though these are perilous choices to use during the peak travel season, they are mostly purges in the off-season. Traveling steadily—whether at last part of the price you pay for the lowest of all regularly scheduled tariffs is the very real threat that you may not get on the airplane at all—its most perilous at times when the largest number of travelers are in motion. Obviously, the airline figure that their planes will be far less full during these periods when they are promoting their product through low fare offerings.

Similarly, work budget fares—whereby you select the week during which you prefer to travel and the airline selects the price tag—the computer is more likely to offer a far broader choice of flight dates than during other crowded periods.

Once you've decided where to land, or raising your commitment shouldn't be difficult. An increasing number of London-based theater and opera houses have recently found that tickets to the most coveted events are easier to come by

than ever. Keith Prowse Travel Limited in London's leading is, for instance, and it now maintains an office in the United States (100 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019, 212-897-3300). For a serious charge of only \$2.50 a ticket in New York City and 50 outside the New York area, it can probably secure you seats in even the most gala performances, and it also has a number of its own packages that include many of the more desirable events. Fourways Travel (930 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022, 800-223-7871) and many of the Ticketmaster outlets now also offer tickets to London audiences.

Lots of the drama of special events are available live from the latest offers of virtually every European country. But to give you an idea of what a party in off-season, we've supplied a partial calendar.

WHAT'S ON THIS OFF-SEASON

- Paris**—
Oct. 7: Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe (horse racing), Longchamp.
Oct. 10: Dinner, *Discotheque*, the Louvre.
Oct. 13-Dec. 5: Second annual International Dance Festival.
December 18th exhibit, Renaissance Venice.
Sept.—Dec. Opera season (performances nightly). Special highlight is the New Year's Eve performance of the *Flower*, the only one it will be offered all year.
Sept.—Dec. 15: Spanish Riding School performances (Boulevard).
Oct.—Dec. Concert season (Carnegie Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras).
Oct. 14-15: Women's Film Festival.
Nov. 20-21: International Students Days.
Nov. 17-20: Second annual opera competition.
Nov. 17-24: Christmas Market.

—Continued on page 10

Stephen Birnbaum is the travel editor of *Esquire* magazine.

Illustration by Tom Ivers

SEPTEMBER 1978/ESQUIRE 35



The Lygon Arms. Charm, Comfort, Beauty and Teleplan.

Mr. Peter Wilson, Director and General Manager, knows that travelers don't like the exorbitant surcharges added to the telephone calls they make to their homes and offices. (100% and more in most European hotels.)

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Now add the historic Lygon Arms. Many more hotel people question the fairness of high telephone surcharges. We believe that some are wondering if they make good business sense.

So who's next for Teleplan?



Bell System



WHAT'S ON THIS OCTOBER SEASON (Continued)

- London**
Sept. 1 European Festival of Model Boat-
ing.
Sept. 2, 3, and 4 Cricket test match, En-
gland vs. India, The Oval, Kensington.
Sept. 1-9 John Singer Sargent exhibit, Na-
tional Portrait Gallery.
Sept. 1-15 Promenade concert, Royal Al-
bert Hall.
Sept. 3-Oct. 14 The King and I, London
Paladium.
Sept. 1-14a Royal Shakespeare Theatre
season, Stratford-upon-Avon. Among
the plays to be performed are Othello
and Cymbeline.
Sept. 11-21, Christmas antique fair, Old
Town Hall, Chelsea.
Sept. 12 European football soccer's in-
ter-clubbing, England vs. Denmark, Wem-
bley Stadium.
Oct. 1-5 Home of the Year Show.
Oct. 11-20 London Fashion Exhibition,
Olympia.
Nov. 3 Day Festival Day.
Nov. 10 Lord Mayor's procession.
Amsterdam
Sept. 3 Floral Parade.
Sept. 3-8 International Music Week.
Sept. 3-8 International social and visual
festival.
Sept. 8-15 Illuminated windowed tour.
Oct. 20-21 International cat show.
Nov. 3-4 International indoor home show.
Nov. 17 Festival of Saint Nicholas.
Dec. 2-4 Saint Nicholas exhibitions.
Brussels
To Oct. 7 Art Treasures of the Brussels
Churches, Eglise de la Chapelle.
Sept. 1-15 National Theatre of Belgium
season, St. Michael Cathedral, and pre-
sent performances dealing with the life
of Christ, based on a thirteenth-century
text.
Sept. 14-16 Twentieth Century Ballet, Na-
tional Opera House, performing, Leda.
Sept. 15 Belgium Royal Academy-Fair.
Sept. 15-Oct. 15 American Theater Fes-
tival.
Sept. 24 and 30 and Oct. 2, 5, 7, and 9 Na-
tional Opera, Donizetti's seldom per-
formed Dido of Albi, in the daylight.
Oct. 15-Nov. 20 Exhibition of nineteenth-
century lesser Brussels masters.
Nov. 3-14 Children's Theater.
Nov. 30 Millennium Closing Concert.
Bahia
To Sept. 30 Hotel Homes and Gardens Ex-
hibition.
Sept. 2 All Ireland Harling Fair.
Sept. 23 All Ireland Football (soccer) Fi-
nal.
Oct. 1-20 Debby's Theater Festival.
Performances include a poetry festival en-
titled "Birds, Beasts and Flowers" on
Oct. 19 only, featuring Patience Grace
of Montreal.
Oct. 17 European Nations Cup Match.
Oct. 26-Nov. 4, Gaele League Orchestra
Festival.
Nov. 15-18 International Horse Show. 46

The Language

U, Non-U, and You

In defense of the linguistic snob, bless him

by John Simon

Virtually nothing is so feared and loathed in this allegedly egalitarian country of ours as snobbishness. There is no more dissonant concert anywhere—there it is the clatter of the snobbish—than the snob, who cannot even enjoy the comfortable publicity afforded him by nobles, aristocrats, and masters of formal lives. And yet H. H. Huxley Baker, the publisher of Deben's *Proverbs* and with the Viking Press, of *U and Non-U Revised*, claims that Eng-
land, the reputed cradle of snobbism, "is among the least snobbish and class-conscious countries. For less so," he continues in the foreword to *U and Non-U Revised*, "than America. For example, which boasts in the reputation of being the most democratic of nations."

As the perfect copy explains, the present issue is a kind of sequel to *Non-U Obligé*, a book edited in 1956 by the late Nancy Mitford that "for the world like a bombshell. Proving from the researches of the philologist Professor Allen C. Ross, who had coined the expressions 'U' and 'non-U'—that is 'Upper-class' and 'non-upper-class'—(Nancy Mitford) set about telling the mass in the street just how common he was." I remember the immense sensation the book created twenty-three years ago even in "chickens" America, and the only reason I would not read it was—since everybody else had—snobbishness.

Just to show you how grossly misinformed and how fully the word snob is bandied about, let me quote from an article on class quoted in the June 25 *Playboy*: "For the first time, while a respected novelist and a coauthor of *The Day of Day Sea* 'Dedicated for day is, I would contend, often con-
sidered snobbish. Most gay intellectuals, especially street dogs, like either black or Puerto Rican. Discrimination against them may be both subtle and subtle.' First, I am surprised that a homosexual writer of Wright's talent and literary prowess the avoidable abuse of the word 'gay,' second, I am appalled at his subservience to that bugbear of queer radicals, the three-headed monster from Kansas. Obviously the details of homosexuality for drug queens—living, while the question of whether it is profitable or non-sensational."

The great John Simon is a non-snobbish editor of *Esquire*.
The origin of the word snob stems from certain. The late, lovely, and kind Eric Partridge, in his splendidly erudite dictionary *Gossip*, writes "Snob, cobble, hence a superior person. c. 1600. 'C'o'u o' snobs of inferior origin.' 1818: Waddell, whose *Concise Dictionary of New-World Proverbs* goes on to tell us that such a snob is said to 'aspire to a higher knowledge with snob, as one snob. As the imagination that a snob is an inferior person trying to climb the social ladder, hence he is both 'U' and 'non-U' to those above and 'a superior person' to those below and below him."
What concerns me here, however, is whether there is such a thing as linguistic snobbism: the use of language to achieve or assert social superiority. Such language, though common from the linguistic point of view, might be reprehensible in a larger, humanistic context and thus a good thing to avoid. As *Non-U Obligé* made crystal clear, there existed an Upper class English and a non-Upper class one. The differences were small, though *U and Non-U Revised* makes them plain, are crystal clear. What the little book makes manifest, though, is that snobbism goes on and on, even if Thursday, as long ago as 1946, wrote an entire book expounding the snob.



snob sources, including it as so dignified as elemental a thing with us that the person whose usual phrase was antithetical to ours and who thought the snobbish became more interested than a more elegant, polished, or social adversary. But whatever heavy demagogic weaponry is needed, snob, class, and snob get heated out.

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as one who "mainly admires more things." As the new book demonstrates, however, distinctions between U and non-U in language are getting fuzzier, what with the non-U people trying to sound U, and the U class, out of respect snobbism, attempting non-U terminology.

Which brings me back to the question of snobbishness in the U.S.A., which does indeed flourish in various forms. For example, in Los Angeles you are mercilessly classed according to what make of car you drive. This kind of snobbism is the recognized thing there and has even spawned an appropriate reverse snobbism, whereby a first-class car is considered in some circles more prestigious than the latest Jaguar, Mercedes, Porsche or Rolls Royce. Similarly, there is a linguistic snobbism suggested from coast to coast, for instance, when society clubs can no longer discriminate along racial and religious lines, they resort to admitting members according to their income tax brackets.

Such things are by and large, accepted as matters of course. Not so, however, linguistic snobbism, which is considered totally heinous and to be expunged by book, creed, or rapin. There are, clearly, rare possible places for linguistic snobbism: in pronunciation and in vocabulary. Your linguistic snob (or U speaker) will tend to say de-
cap-dense rather than did-a-dense, even though current dictionaries usually list the former as a secondary and less desirable pronunciation. De-cap-dense makes more sense in terms of the word's Latin provenance and pronunciation, but who nowadays knows anything about Latin?



Getting Stronger

You don't have to do one-armed pushups like Rocky, looking good is what counts. Fifteen-point chrome-plated dual duoblast car stereo \$129 a pair, from Cass Sporting Goods, 29 West Foothill Street, New York, New York 10011



Time and Again

The first word to make-up device, General Electric's programmable clock radio lets two people get up at different times to different stations without resetting. Furthermore, you can go to sleep to one station and wake up to another or jolter up to an AM or FM station for touch-button recall. \$116.95

Speak Easy

Now your foreign-language dictionary goes by. Texas Instruments' Language Translator will let you speak up on the air and phone and pronounce them in keyboard and programmed words. And it can be programmed for vocabulary and English-Spanish even will be offered in September. Price and German will follow later in the year. Translator, \$200; language module, \$60



Alarming Development

A sign for the TV program, Sony's clock television. Go to sleep to one station and wake up to another. The set will shut off after forty-four minutes, go up to TV or a beep alarm. \$163.95

Books

Gutsy Children, Gonzo Journalism

Growing Up Fast in Naples

by Geoffrey Wolff

Napoli: Simple Fielding's travel guide doesn't stand the pace, of course. It's heavy and outdated and has only one decent restaurant, located in one decent hotel. And, good God, the sewage backs up, and in for pickpockets, street crimes, and some arson.

I love that city. The first time I was there, in 1952, someone on the Galleria Umberto lifted a cherished cigarette lighter from my watch pocket. Six years later, as I was walking along the port waiting to embark for Jerusalem, carrying not quite enough money to see me through the short voyage, a boy about twelve offered to sell me a gold watch. It told the date and lunar phase, had several buttons and a five-mill band. The boy had when he said the watch was gold but told him, I noticed, when he whispered that it was stolen. He wanted \$80 for it. I laughed and said I was broke. I thought, also, that I knew a thing or two.

"Okay, I give you too!" This was a beauty, a two-mill and gold Parker 51. I wonder if I mind owning it. I explained that I was broke, almost.

"What you pay?" "Ten bucks." The boy sat, nodded, and I prepared to pay in Turkish lire, not sure, took the useless bank note, but not that basic, gave me my lost. The watch kept accurate time for twenty-four hours and then quit. The pen never wrote, it even accepted ink, because it was merely an empty shell, so I exchanged "Parker 51." Great society on the quayside at Naples. I got my money's worth.

The children of Naples, misanthropic and wise beyond anyone's years, really corrupt and often vulgar, are at the center of three recent books about that odd, sad, wonderful city. The best of them, *Four Days of Naples* (Bantam Books, \$8.95), by the British writer Anthony Mason, tells the story of an evening in late September of 1943 by street urinals—the infamous Neapolitan urinals—against the German army of occupation.

From a sort of desperate hunger and almost terminal boredom, from a love of



starchy, the heavily street kids harassed and killed soldiers. The Germans finally fled the city on the first of October 1943 while the Allies fought their way north.

The warlike that mid-October of 1943 was long and swamp, but foreign, typhoid, headshot, and rape were epidemic. Despite all he saw and experienced as an intelligence officer, Lewis—good man—lives Naples. "A year among the Italians had converted me to such an admiration for their humanity and culture that I refused that work I given the chance to be born again and to choose the place of my birth. Italy would be the country of my choice."

Lewis remarks with respectful wonder that in Naples, "everyday impressions and moods." In a culture of poverty, there is no other choice. This is the subject of a wonderful work of urban anthropology, *The Andean Peasants* (Columbia University Press, \$18.95), by Thomas R. Rappaport, a British socialist professor. Rappaport lived among the very poor of the city in 1914 and 1925. He studied and befriended them, and they befriended and explored him. Sometimes he loved his subjects, sometimes hated them, but he never fails to distinguish between such emotions or their effect on his human book. When Rappaport left the Andes, he thought your people would be transported and assimilated by suffering, but the reality of a culture of the poor.

Also, *Four Days of Naples* is confused, tangled, and incredible. Aspiring to the documentary immediacy of *Le Passé de Naples*, it pretends to enter the minds and duplicate the speech of its principal characters, with frequently comic consequences. A Neapolitan who is killed in the streets of war is said to have said, "Oh, I'm back at her, sweetest. And she always to help."

Geoffrey Wolff is *Esquire's* book critic.

Illustration by Tom Cox

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sent transformed him. Belmonts experienced "life at the bottom of the well of loneliness and boredom."

In line of the wily veteran conclusion, that never elevated images of prisoners to cluster and blossom among all their books, Lewis in 1944 releases a gang of "thirteen- or fourteen-year-old" boys sitting mauling on the skin of a broken fountain. "A different broken fountain."

concludes Belmont's personal exploration of Neoplaton show life of the early 1970s.

At Fountains off Be in a corner street run with rubble, beneath the broad, shaded rays of a fan, the shaded form of a sculpted stone on that wooden table wall.

"The was our fountain," they told me "Oh you should have seen it, Fountain. The water played night and day. In summer, the children stamped about in it. At night, falling asleep,

you heard it, and it was like music." The young man told me it was they who had destroyed it. At children, many years before, with two rods, they had gone every day to hammer and saw it, and they were satisfied and there was nothing left to break.

Thereafter, whenever I passed that small corner, I tried to imagine what the fountain had once been like, and thought and wondered and wept, the more so I understood how it came to be broken.

The New Hunter Thompson Stands Up

Hunter S. Thompson's new book, *The Great Shark Hunt: Strange Tales from a Strange Time* (Doubleday Books, \$14.95)—a motley collection of magazine stories, excerpts from his three prison books, and material strung together with an author's voice in which Thompson remembers his own death. Or anyway, he says he has "faded the life I planned to live" so that "everything from now on will be A New Life," and he signs the new "HST 211, R.I.P."

For Thompson fans, this will probably come as no surprise, following as it does on years of scented, half-made-up writing and written as it surely was late on some lonely, desperate deadline night. No doubt his self-proclaimed suicide will be taken as further evidence of his commitment to life on the edge.

Thompson's life, or lack thereof, seems to have taken up less of his creative energy than his efforts to invent a new version of himself in his writing. This can't be said that he is actually a much less able, only that his style became more assured and his writing faster and more insightful as the man he tells us he is moved to the fore of his books and articles. He says that he wanted to see himself himself into *The American*, *Guns*, *Journalist*. Apparently, that goes down 7 work anymore as a literary achievement.

The flesh and blood Thompson used to be a fairly conventional writer of news stories and newspaper columns. He studied hard and there to having been through a respectable middle-class upbringing in Louisville, Kentucky, a son of the Air Force, a bohemian period in New York, later employment at Time, and a long period of bumming around the country. He settled for a time in the mid-1960s in San Francisco and wrote about the hippie scene. This period in his career is represented quite generously in his collection (in fact, all his writing, good and bad, is generously represented). The only hints of the later Thompson are a discussion with anti-life and rebels and several allusions to the discovery of his own life.

Thompson's breakthrough came in 1970, when *Saturday*'s magazine sent him to cover the Kentucky Derby. In the resulting article, the alienated dealer who had stalked around the wings of his earlier



work emerged, at center stage, as a mad, mad, bitter, funny, violent, drug-crusted maniac with a penchant for suicide. He didn't write, in the ordinary sense, about the Derby, the narrative of the article was about Thompson himself fearfully trying to maintain his hold on normal life for long enough to cover his story. This new Thompson is what Thompson calls *Guns* Journalism. As he tells it, to write in *Guns* style is to "breed the whole thing, or a happen," and thereby to reveal more about the subject at hand than would be possible through ordinary means, and in fact what makes the style work is the character of its narrator.

For the next seven years, Thompson's *Guns* persona, Dr. Thompson (who even had his own alter ego, *Rascal Doctor*), was at the center of his work—the coverage of the 1972 campaign for *Rolling Stone*, his best book, *Four and Lasting in Las Vegas*, and his articles about *Waltz* and sports. This character defined himself first by his separation from the mainstream. He has a dark, mean, cranky, violent side, among his favorite words are "terror," "genocide," "innocent," "savage." He is forever threatening to go postal's legs out, or spray them with Mace, or shoot them with a .357 magazine. He interrupts his articles to go off on tirades about drug-crazed megalomaniacs and madmen bent on.

On the other hand, the charm of Thompson is that this character also has an innocent side. Sure, he's cynical, but deep down he believes in peace and justice. He may lie to the rich and powerful, but he

by Nicholas Lemann

always tells his readers the truth. He is brave and kindly and dependent for the same reasons we all are. He has a clever's shoddy habit to cope with the serious, reasonable, organized society around him. He knows nothing more than dreaming about leaving the top of the world. When he talks about taking and with John Chamberlain or writing speeches for Richard Nixon, it's evidence of an appealing dream of bringing powerful people down to the level of lowliness and raptness of the rest of us.

So despite his loud pretensions of his own strangeness, Dr. Thompson is really a modern version of a classic kind of American hero—the rebellious, adventurous, dramatic, wandering dreamer who made his name by the machinations of civilization. In his approach (not his quality), he is a successor to Mark Twain. In fact, the poem that sets by for the best in this collection all have the basic structure of *Mark Twain*, with the hero-narrator and a rapidly ethnic and unworldly idiom reentering into a series of misadventures.

Like all good satirical writing, the best of Thompson's articles contain much truth. The truth (and it's also what's behind his political writing) is that the construction of social institutions, institutions, greed, rivalry, violence, and manipulation that goes on in the phone he writes about here is not some abstract ritual at American society but in fact the fact that makes the engine go, that made this great nation what it is today.

As for the best of Dr. Thompson, the pessimistic cause seems to have been his career's better falling-out with the editor of *Rolling Stone*. But perhaps the good doctor was also a victim of changing times. He saw America as a simple place—a place and concept and ruled by evil men but simple nonetheless. Now, five or ten years after most of this book was written, it seems more complicated. Dr. Thompson himself has been rewarded for his medical courage with national hero status. Which shows that this country is far stronger than he thought and needs to be explained by someone capable of subtler forms of insight than calling Richard Nixon a Hun. Absolute truth is the self-proclaimed end of Thompson the writer, and perhaps in fact that now someone else can tell it better than his eccentric doctor friend. —

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Outdoors

by Geoffrey Norman

A Perfect Day for Marlin

Any day is right for the big-game fisherman with money and a mania

We had been under way for almost three minutes when the sea emerged from the rain-colored haze on the horizon. The Gulf of Mexico watercolor was the essence of calm, green water. The last stars disappeared from the sky. We watched from the flying bridge of *C Ray*, running almost due west at sixteen knots. Charlie Peyton, the captain, shook his head and said, "If we'd started from Cuba, we'd have been there by now."

We wouldn't start fishing for another two hours, not until we reached the 300-fathom curve thirty miles due south of Pensacola, Florida, one of the better big-game fishing areas in the country. But the best in North America, and arguably the world, is still off Cuba. It was closed due to international politics for nearly twenty years—except for tournaments named in honor of Ernest Hemingway, who fished these waters with obsessive energy.

Like certain drugs—cocaine and Mexico come to mind—big game-fishing seems to appeal to obsessive people. And it is what one of the most expensive sports around. *C Ray* will burn 130 gallons of diesel in one day. Buds cost about \$300 each, and rods go for nearly \$500. They hold over half a mile of line, which runs five cents a yard. No boat rigged for sailfishing is cheap. A Louisiana oilman who has caught nine big blue marlin figures that the fish have cost him about \$10,000 each. Hemingway had to get a \$15,000 sailboat from Arnold Gingrich, the founding editor of *Esquire*, to buy his famous boat, *Pilar*. But money only buys the equipment, not the mania.

Some people date the beginning of their addiction to marlin fishing to the time he began to go after the big blue-water fish. It was about then that he started, in Gingrich's words, "going around making his friends." Archibald MacLean found his hell-gang, kindly fishing between repellent editors for the same wage—and you can't blame them. There is something wrong with a man who machine-guns contrary sharks from the cockpit of his boat.

Hemingway went from the precise observer of a trout stream to the virginal seagull on the Gulf Stream. He even published one crankier theory that there are



an asexual species of marlin—just one hermaphrodite fish that changes gender and coloration as it grows older.

"I've never heard that one," Peyton laughed when I told him. "That's pretty wild. But you still hear some pretty wild stuff about these fish. Nobody really knows very much about them. And, you know, Hemingway could be pretty good about fish. Somewhere—blasted in his brain, I think—he says that fish strike a bait for one of three reasons: hunger, curiosity, or anger. That pretty much says it from what I've read."

At the blue water, Peyton and his mate dropped the outriggers, and we rolled gently when two Konaheads they saw about a foot long, and they were a stream of white bubbles behind them. From the fighting chair, they looked up, right, and at seven-thirty in the morning I felt the feeling that has been my day. A 200-pound blue had been caught the day before. And last past a marlin caught one from these waters due north over a thousand pounds. "I'd call it a perfect day," Peyton said. "Too perfect."

The strike of a big bilfish—especially when it hits an artificial—is a noisy-when-it-explodes. The sight of one of those fish coming out of the water and charging ferociously across the surface is genuinely awesome. So I watched the water, ready for the blue to crash one of our baits and for the big to start singing off the reel.

It may sound like a boring day, watching five strips of nylon as they are hauled around the Gulf's surface circles. But we were always a fraction of a second from something huge and wild. The marlin is a creature so big off the scale of our experience that each of those two times when we saw one, we felt an exquisite moment of total beauty. That, I suppose, is the entire meaning of bilfishing. You use all your resources, including your money, so that you may be part of your proper place by a fish. This exercise in humility is not as much the meaning of a perfect day as it is, when one of those fish were left out on the dock. Now you can fight the fish in the boat, tug it for anchor, cut the leader, and let it swim away.

About five minutes before we were due to bring in the hook and head for shore, I turned to my brother and said, "Take the chair. I'm going for a bait."

We had been trolling for almost nine hours. The sun and the astronomical tide of the boat were the only enemies from everyone aboard.

When I moved around with my bait, I saw the flash of a seven-foot white marlin as it crashed in the air and watched its line from the cockpit. I dropped the bait and shouted, "Fish!" My brother saw the hook and the fish took like a jump, and it walked across the rough water. It was more beautifully colored than the water it came from, a hint of blue that could never be duplicated. These marlins are much smaller than blues, and this fish probably weighed less than 80 pounds, but each jump and rush ran as an extension of the power and beauty of the reef itself. We watched in awe until the mate tugged the fish and cut the leader. The fish sank into water, shimmering like a jewel and it was out of sight. We turned for home.

Bilfishing is for people who ride their obsession and who never become doctors. Zane Grey, author of all those western novels, was the first great bilfisherman, and it is unlikely that anyone will ever match the strength of his obsession. He once fished sixty-three days to catch four fish. But he also caught the first fish that weighed over a thousand pounds. I slept well. There was going to be a tournament in a week, and I was content and on a good hook. My knee would come. —

Geoffrey Norman is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

Illustration by Kelly Dutton

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Left to right: Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook Jr., Peter Lorre

The Maltese Falcon

It's the movie that Hollywood had to make three times (1931, 1936, and 1941) before they finally got it right... the movie that saved Mary Astor's fading film career, made Bogart—playing Sam Spade—a star, and gave John Huston his first chance at directing. It's the movie that launched Sydney Greenstreet's career, brought Peter Lorre to the screen, and introduced the word "gun" to our vocabulary. (Contrary to current usage, it didn't mean "pistol" at the time. It was the "Harrison" equivalent of *Siggy*.)

It's the movie where Lorre looks identical in early hair...

where Bogart rolls his cigarette... where Elisha Cook Jr. warns Bogart, "They're gonna be pickin' you out of your liver!"... and, most of all, where Bogart with Astor, "You're taking the fall."

Little-known fact: The actor that plays Sam Spade's office and dies after delivering his single line ("I know—Falcon") is Walter Bluth, the director's father.

Favorite dialogue:

LORE: "You always have a very smooth explanation ready, huh?"
BOGART: "What do you want me to do, look to stutter?"



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